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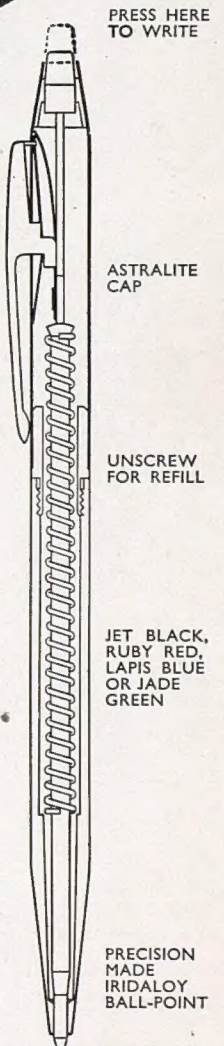
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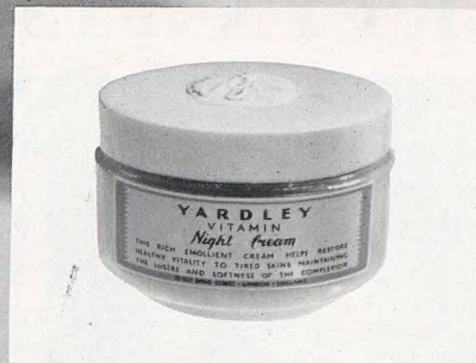
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**Vitamin Night Cream.** The perfect cream for smooth, effective massage. Containing rich emollient oils and vitamins which restore elasticity to dry and difficult skins.

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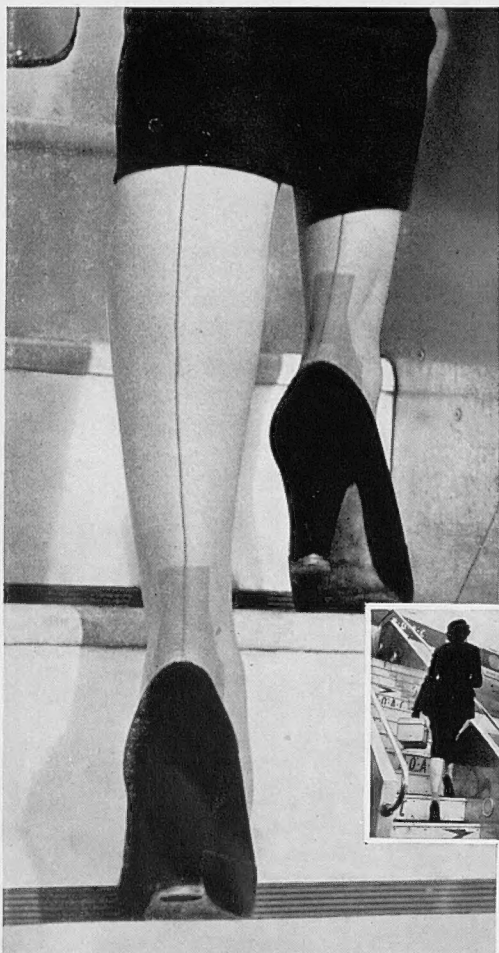
Captive Beauty 12/6

Dry Skin or Liquefying Cleansing Cream 5/10

Vitamin Night Cream 5/10 and 7/10



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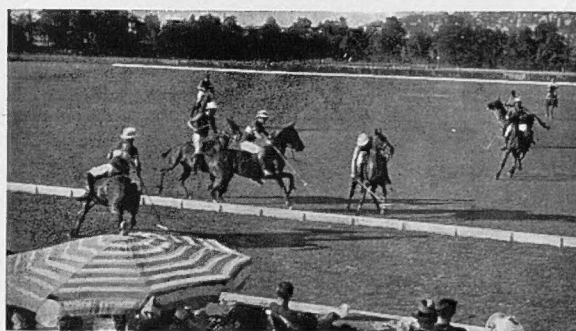
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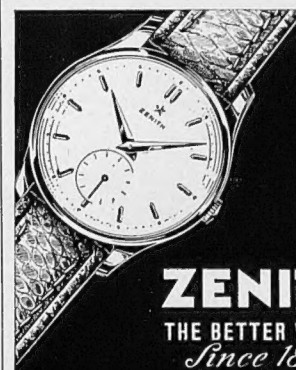
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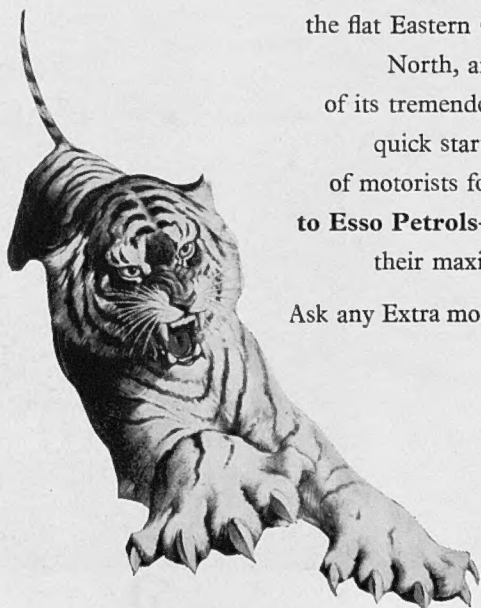
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SWEDEN'S KING, QUEEN  
ROYALLY WELCOMED  
State Banquet Was Held

**H.M. THE QUEEN** with King Gustav and Queen Louise of Sweden photographed at Buckingham Palace. They paid a four-day State visit, the first of our Queen's reign. The Swedish cruiser Tre Kronor brought them to Greenwich on Monday of last week and in the afternoon they laid a wreath on the grave of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh held a State banquet for them and London's citizens joined in a warm welcome

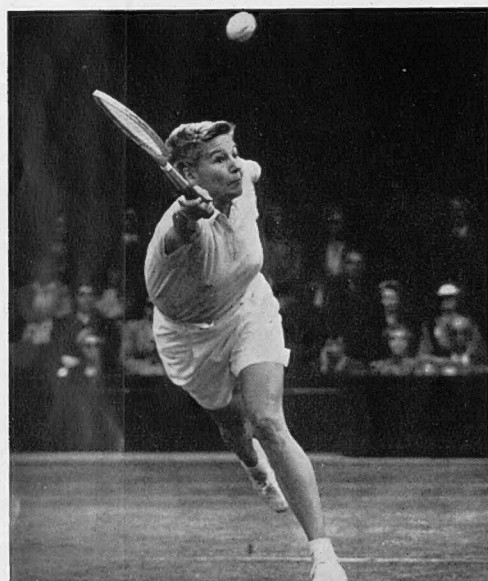




*The invincible Miss Maureen Connolly, displaying the determination that makes her a champion, takes a low shot on the backhand*



*After lunch in the Members' Enclosure, Col. Garth Bird, Miss Fiona Bird, Mrs. Garth Bird and Sir Leonard Vavasour strolled round the courts before taking their seats on the Centre Court*



*Miss Louise Brough, holder of the Ladies Singles Title from 1948-50, reaches for a high volley during her quarter-finals match*

## TENNIS WORLD LOOKED TO THE CENTRE COURT

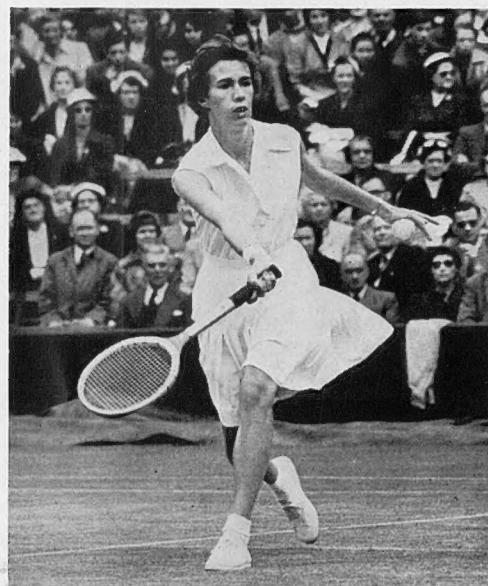
EACH year Wimbledon attracts ever larger numbers of lawn tennis enthusiasts from all over the world. This year, the balance still in favour of America and Australia, saw extremely high standards of play and many notable matches were seen



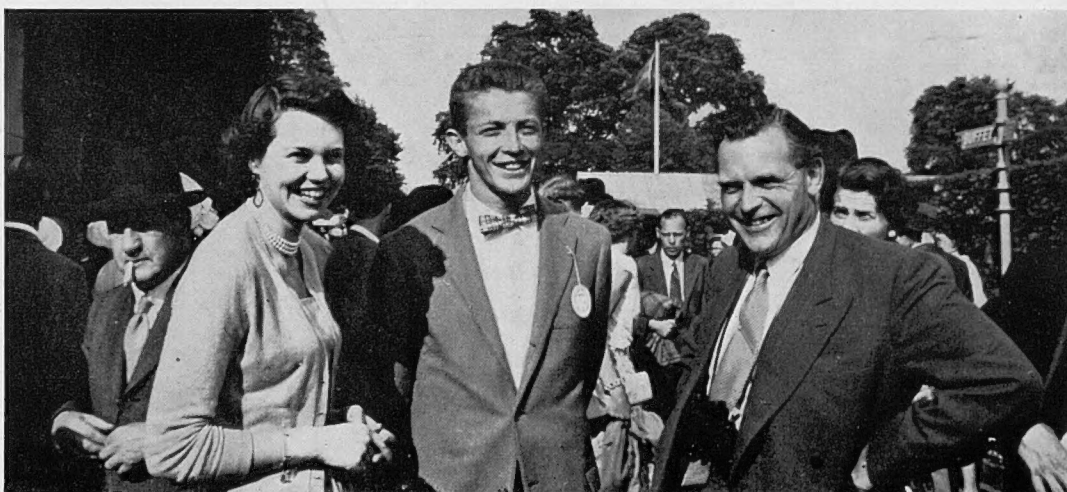
*At the entrance to the All England Club during the second week of play were Sir Henry and Lady May Abel Smith*



*The High Commissioner for Australia, the Hon. Sir Thomas White, and his daughter were among the overseas visitors*



*The accomplished player Miss Doris Hart decisively beat the last British girl left in the Singles Championship*



*After an important singles match, Mr. Tony Trabert (centre), seeded number one at Wimbledon, relaxed in the sunshine outside the All England Club with Dr. Robert Johnston (right) and Mrs. Johnston*





*Other enthusiastic spectators discussing the matches they had seen were Mr. Hugh Flower, Mrs. Bruce Hindley, Mrs. Nightingale and Mrs. Hugh Flower*



*Mr. F. L. Riseley, hon. vice-president of the Lawn Tennis Association, with Mme. Lepage, a visitor from Belgium*



*Miss Joan Hughes, Mr. G. D. Roberts, Q.C., and Mrs. Roberts had just seen some very close matches played in the quarter-finals*



*Making their way to the courts at the beginning of the afternoon were Col. L. D. Spencer and the Countess of Ronaldshay*



*Having tea in the Competitors' Restaurant, Mrs. Harry Hopman, of Australia, and Miss Maureen Connolly watched a game in progress on court No. 2*



*Lord and Lady Derby were on their way to the Royal Box to see a match in the Men's Singles Championship*





*The Marchioness of Carisbrooke (right), president of the Exhibition and Sale, with H.M. the ex-Queen of Spain, Viscountess Tarbat, chairman, and the Hon. Lady McNaghten, a vice-president*



*In charge of the flower stall was Lady Balcon (centre) assisted by Mrs. Colin Lesslie and Mrs. Reginald Tilley*

ST. JAMES'S PALACE was thronged with spectators and helpers at the International Exhibition and Sale, which raised funds for a new wing for the Victory Ex-Services Club. Jennifer writes about it on page 12

## Social Journal

Jennifer

# Royal Visitors Were At Wimbledon

THE All-England Lawn Tennis championships at Wimbledon are unfailing in the pleasure they give to thousands of spectators each year. They range from members of the Royal Family, Cabinet Ministers, and business men playing truant, clerks and typists who swarm down in the evenings after office hours, to school boys and girls who come each June to see some of the finest tennis in the world. They are never disappointed.

This year perhaps the outstanding matches have been for what the programme describes as "The Gentlemen's Singles Championship." Firstly there was the thrilling match when Philippe Washer the Belgian player defeated the seeded American Art Larsen by three sets to one after a terrific struggle which lasted over two hours and a quarter. The Foreign Secretary, Mr. Anthony Eden, accompanied by his son Nicholas, sat in the Royal Box watching this great game only a few hours before he took off for Washington with the Prime Minister.

Another fine match later in the championships was between the two seeded players, Sven Davidson from Sweden and Tony Trabert the American champion. This produced some of the best lawn tennis one could ever wish to see and was a real joy to watch. Although the match lasted nearly three hours, I noticed nearly every one of the sixteen thousand spectators stayed in their seats even through the all-important tea hour to see Trabert eventually win by three sets to two. It was a terrific match, in which Davidson's miraculous fighting powers, in retrieving himself so often from some seemingly hopeless positions with brilliant shots, made it exciting until the very end.

By a happy coincidence the two young Swedish Princesses Margaretha and Birgitta, who came with their host the Earl of Athlone, were in the Royal Box to watch their young countryman playing

such a magnificent game. Also in the Royal Box that afternoon were Lady May Abel Smith and her daughter Ann and Mr. and Mrs. Clement Attlee. The Duchess of Kent who is President of the championship meeting, is always the keenest member of the Royal Family to watch the tennis and she was in the Royal Box on several afternoons during the fortnight and accompanied by Princess Alexandra. Also watching from here frequently have been Viscount Templewood, Earl Jowitt and Lady Greig who are vice-presidents, Lord Iliffe who is one of the trustees, and Mr. Bob Riseley who succeeded the late Sir Louis Greig as chairman.

Others in the Royal Box have included Rear-Admiral Erik Wetter of the Royal Swedish Navy with Vice-Admiral Sir William Andrews, President of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn whom we will soon be watching on Foxhunter at the International Horse Show at the White City from July 19, Mr. Roger Bannister, Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, Sir Malcolm and Lady McAlpine and Sir Denys Lowson. As I write it is hoped that their Majesties the King and Queen of Sweden will be able to fit in a visit to Wimbledon, to watch some of the finals.

LUNCHING in the Members, I saw Lord and Lady Lyle who had a party of friends with them, Brig. Smyth, V.C., and his wife (on a Saturday when he did not have to find a pair in the House), Mr. Nigel Sharpe, Lt.-Gen. and Mrs. R. Stone who had with them Mme. Sirry, wife of Sirry Pasha who was Egyptian Prime Minister during the war and is still a very prominent figure in that country. She has just been to America, returning with an International Women's Congress and was enjoying her first visit to Wimbledon. Viscount and Viscountess Erleigh, Admiral Sir Alexander Ingleby-Mackenzie, Mr. Graham Bailey, Lady Mordaunt with Mrs. Frank Douglas, Sir Frank Roberts, Mrs. Tom Blackwell, Lady Mitchell who is over

with her husband Sir Harold Mitchell from Bermuda and Jamaica for a few months visit to Europe, and Sir Norman and Lady Brooks who are over from Australia. He was Wimbledon champion in 1907 and 1914. Miss Elizabeth Ryan, the American player who won the women's doubles many times in prewar days was among those I saw around the centre court. Dr. James, the headmaster of Harrow, who was making his first visit to Wimbledon, and his wife, were guests of Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Glover on the only wet day in the first week, and alas saw no tennis played. On the same afternoon the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra had a fruitless journey and the young Etonian lawn tennis players who also came to the championships had the same disappointment.

Others I saw enjoying this grand lawn tennis festival included Lady Mordaunt with Mrs. Frank Douglas, Mrs. Zamora, the Hon. Mrs. Skyrme, and Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy whose husband was at Henley watching the Trinity Dublin Crew doing their final training for the Henley Regatta about which I shall be writing next week.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the happiest evenings for young people was the delightfully simple and unpretentious coming-out dance which Mrs. James Terry and Mrs. Tommy Adams gave for their daughters Miss Mary Terry and Miss Joanna Adams at St. George's Hill Tennis Club, Weybridge. Dancing took place in the cool and lofty lounge of the Tennis Club. Many vases of delphiniums, lilies and other mixed summer flowers had been cleverly lit and beautifully arranged in this room, the gallery and the adjacent sitting-rooms by Mrs. Cowper and Mrs. Bobby de Quincey.

There were about two hundred and fifty guests among whom were numerous school friends of both girls and their brothers Peter Terry and John Adams who were both there. Mrs. Terry wearing a gold brocade dress and Mrs. Adams in a sky-blue satin dress, stood receiving the guests with their daughters, Mary looking very pretty in a Wedgwood-blue organza dress and Joanna in a full-skirted dress of white organza patterned with pale mauve wild orchids.

There were many house parties and dinner parties in the district and several groups came down from London. Princess Alexandra wearing a deep sea-green faille dress with long white gloves came with Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Boyle and their débutante daughter Carina and a party of young friends from London. Lady Barbara Bevan brought a party, also Mrs. Hubert Raphael, Sir Adrian Jarvis, Mrs. Harold Ricket and Mrs. Denis Russell. Among the young people I noticed





At the variety stall were Mrs. Von Neurath, Mrs. Lancelot Ussher, Mrs. Amie Cunningham and Mrs. Kenworthy Lamb



Miss Sally Anne Baldwin (right) was buying flowers from Mrs. J. McArthur Rank and Miss P. Ainley



Mrs. M. C. Moore looked on while Mrs. Robin Fenwick made a purchase from Mrs. Kate Fearn on the variety stall

dancing were Miss Carole and Miss Linda Mays, the two pretty granddaughters of Sir Lynden Macassey, Miss Diana Child, Miss Belinda Keown, Miss Morwenne Hawke who came with her father Sir Anthony Hawke the chairman of the County of London Quarter Sessions, Miss Marion Bevan, Miss Susan Courage, Lady Harriet Pleydell-Bouverie, Miss Meriel Gold and her younger sister Belinda who is having her coming-out dance on July 17 and was dancing with Mr. Jeremy Pinckney, also Miss Jennifer Williams and her sister Tessa in a lovely white lace and tulle dress who was dancing with Mr. Chris Chataway, the runner who paced both Roger Bannister and John Landy in their record-breaking runs. Others dancing were Lady Moyra Hamilton, Princess Alexandra's lady-in-waiting, who also came in Mrs. Boyle's party which included Miss Elizabeth Abel Smith, pretty in pale blue, Mr. Michael Cobbold, Mr. Tim Thornton, Mr. Philip Harari and Count Poklewski.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA who was looking radiant danced gaily the whole evening and obviously enjoyed meeting so many of her former school friends. Mrs. Terry's elder daughter Anne, looking charming in a black dress with a striking white sash, was dancing with her fiancé Mr. Robert Gurdon whose regiment, the Black Watch, provided pipers for the reels and Scottish country dances which were danced enthusiastically during the evening.

Enjoying them were Mr. Malcom Burr, Mr. Julian Benson, Miss Adele Wynne-Williams, Miss Caroline Clive, Sir Gawaine Baillie, Mr. Arthur Johnston, Miss Venetia Maynard, Mr. Rodney Agar who is in the Royal Navy, Miss Rosemary

Spencer, Miss Heather Turner Laing and her brother Graham, Mr. Brian Lodge, Miss Caroline Errington, Mr. Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie who was playing cricket for Hampshire next day, Mr. Michael Ransome, Miss Rosalind Newman, Mr. Peter Glossop and Mr. Ian Anderson who has been out in the West Indies in H.M.S. Sheffield. Mr. Terry and Mr. Adams were both at their daughters' dance where older guests included Mrs. Terry's sister, Mrs. Arnell, Mrs. Bristowe whose son Gerald an army golfer was also there, Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Glover, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stern, Mr. and Mrs. William Leuchars, Major and Mrs. "Squirrel" Cowper and Mr. and Mrs. Miles Illingworth, the latter looking very chic in a smoky-blue satin dress.

★ ★ ★

THE Anglo-French Ball at the Dorchester was attended by over nine hundred guests, and was surely the biggest charity ball of this season. The lovely Comtesse de Crouy-Chanel, whose husband is Minister Counsellor at the French Embassy, was chairman of this very successful occasion, and the guests included the former President of France, M. Vincent Auriol, and Mme. Auriol who wore a heavily embroidered grey satin dress. They sat at a big table with the French Ambassador, the Comtesse de Crouy-Chanel, Sir Oliver Harvey our former Ambassador in Paris and Lady Harvey, the Marchioness of Reading, Lord and Lady Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Noel Baker and Mr. John Foster, Q.C. Unfortunately neither of the joint presidents of the ball were present. These were Mme. Massigli, whose doctors will not allow her to return to London. I

hear, until the autumn, and the Marquess of Reading, who had to be in Geneva where he was deputizing for Mr. Anthony Eden.

After the reception, which took nearly an hour, guests sat down and enjoyed a delicious dinner at tables arranged around the big ballroom and the adjoining restaurant of the Dorchester, which were thrown into one for the evening. There were several sideshows, a very popular tombola to amuse guests between dances, and a cabaret at midnight. It was an extremely smart gathering, the ladies wearing some of their most glamorous dresses. Viscountess Norwich who was at the ball with her husband was looking very beautiful in a pink tulle crinoline. Outstandingly elegant was Mrs. Antony Norman wearing Balmain's blue and white flowered paper taffeta dress with a diamond tiara and necklace. With Mr. Antony Norman she had a big party of some of the loveliest women in the room and their husbands. They included Mme. Ivanovic in pale-pink tulle, Mrs. Gerald Legge in a flame-coloured dress, Mrs. Anthony Acton and Lady Fox who wore a yellow tulle crinoline and American Mrs. William Weiff, who was leaving a few days later for Paris where her stepfather, Mr. Pinckney-Tack, was chairman of this year's Travellers Club Ball. The Lebanese Ambassador and his charming sister Mlle. Khouri who was in white, were in a party with the Marquise de Locmaria and other friends from the Belgian Embassy. Also among the many guests were the Hon. Mrs. Randal Plunkett, the Hon. Anthony Berry escorting the Hon. Mary Roche who was in red, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Hague, and Mrs.

[Continued overleaf]



The hostess, Lady Ingram, who gave the party for her twin granddaughters, talking to her son, Major Michael Ingram



Miss Vivian and Miss Molly Ingram, for whom the party was given, with their grandfather, Sir Herbert Ingram



Mr. Herbert Ingram, father of the two débutantes, greeted Miss Hilary Morris and Miss June Ingram

#### A Reception And Theatre Party Given For Two Débutantes

Van Hallan





Sir Thomas Pilkington, from Melton Mowbray, with his mother Mrs. Anthony Burke, M.F.H., joint-Master of the Ballymacad Foxhounds, Co. Meath



Princess Catherine de Croy, cousin of King Baudouin of Belgium, Princess Dorothy, Archduchess of Habsburg, and Mrs. Harold Boyd-Rochfort



Lady Rathdonnell marked her race card, together with Capt. and Mrs. Kenneth Urquhart, joint-Masters of the Naas, Co. Kildare Harriers

A NOTABLE WIN for Mr. Terence Gray's outsider Zarathustra in the Irish Derby surprised the large crowds at the Curragh during this popular meeting. The odds on favourite, Tale of Two Cities, owned by Mr. J. McLean, junior, ran third



Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thursby watched the parade in the saddling enclosure with the Earl of Dunraven

## Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

# Embassy Treasures At St. James's

Ghislaine Alexander who wore a classically draped white dress. Pictures of the event are on pages 24 and 25.

★ ★ ★

EX-QUEEN ENA of Spain who has been over here for a short stay, was among the visitors to the very successful recent two-day International Exhibition and Sale at St. James's Palace. This raised a splendid sum in aid of the building fund for the new Memorial Fund of the Victory (Ex-services) Club in Seymour Street. The stalls and the exhibits were well arranged in the crimson and gold state apartments which H.M. the Queen had kindly lent for the occasion. The exhibits were extremely interesting, many of them being lent by various embassies. They included some beautiful French glass and china, a selection of fine seventeenth- to twentieth-century metal work from the Lonsdale collection and sculpture from many parts of the world from the Pitt-Rivers Museum.

As I went around the stalls I saw the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, the chairman, and Viscountess Tarbat the vice-chairman, who like Lady Carisbrooke had worked hard for the exhibition. Lady Mary Leveson-Gower and Mrs. Ronald Bowes-Lyon were helping at the picture stall where many of the pictures had been painted and given by Mr. Cyril Ross. Mrs. Derek Hague and Mrs. Charles Maydwell were helping at a cosmetic stall, and Mrs. Stockley had exquisite lace on her stall.

★ ★ ★

IN their charming house in Chester Street, Mr. and Mrs. Terence Maxwell recently gave a most enjoyable cocktail party. Although there were guests from all parts of the world, so many seemed to know each other that this gave the party an easy, friendly air. The High Commissioner for Australia Sir Thomas White brought one of his daughters and other Australians at the party included Viscount and Viscountess Bruce of Melbourne, the Agent-General for Tasmania, Lady von Bibra and Mr. Harold Giddy, chairman of the National Bank of

Australasia and Mrs. Giddy. The High Commissioner for Canada Mr. Norman Robertson was there, also the Agent-General for Ontario and Mrs. Armstrong.

Members of the Diplomatic Corps at the party included the Portuguese Ambassador, the Luxembourg Minister and Mme. Clasen, the Marquise du Parc Locmaria wife of the Belgian Ambassador, and Mme. Brosio wife of the Italian Ambassador and her sister. Lord and Lady Baillieu came along, also Sir Ronald and Lady Cross, the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Rhys, the hostess's aunt Mrs. Neville Chamberlain and Sir Henry and Lady Mackeson and Lord and Lady Freyberg.

The previous evening Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell's pretty daughter Valerie, who was a Coronation year débutante, gave a party here for some of her young friends. These included the U.S. Minister's daughter Miss Cynthia Butterworth, the Portuguese Ambassador's daughters Senhoritas Magdalen and Clara Pereira, Lady Lily-Serena Lumley, Miss Marigold Evans-Bevan, the Earl of Dumfries, Miss Mary Macdonald Buchanan and her brother Jim, Mr. Jock Leslie Melville, Viscount Hereford and Mr. Peter Drinkwater.

★ ★ ★

NEARLY fifty thousand people came to the White City Stadium to see the Greyhound Derby final which was won by Mr. T. H. Watford's brilliant dog Paul's Fun trained by Mr. Leslie Reynolds who has now trained five greyhound Derby winners.

The cup was presented by Lord Willoughby de Broke, who with Lady Willoughby de Broke, had been delayed on their flight down from Newcastle where they had been to see the race for the Northumberland Plate, and only arrived shortly before the Derby. They watched the event from the Royal Box with the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke, Major-Gen. Sir Alan and Lady Adair and Sir Denys Lowson. Lord Willoughby was escorted down to the arena for the presentation by Mr. Frank Gentle, chairman and managing director of the White City.

Among the spectators enjoying an excellent





Ready to receive the guests were the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Garthwaite, the Hon. Mrs. Bostock Hill, Mr. John Bostock Hill, the Dowager Lady Mancroft and Mr. Anthony Garthwaite



Two of the guests who enjoyed this pleasant occasion were Major Hugh Ripley and Mrs. Geoffrey Seligman

dinner in the Members while they were watching the racing were that ever-gay veteran Lord McGowan, who recently celebrated his eightieth birthday, and was dining with Cdr. Walter Wilson, who had a small party including Mrs. "Laddy" Lucas whose husband is the very busy Member for Brentford and Chiswick. Mrs. Critchley, whose husband Col. Gerald Critchley is director of racing at the White City, was at another table with friends, and nearby were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Slesinger with Major W. H. Mackenzie. Sir Alan and Lady Herbert were at another table with their son. Both Sir Alan and his wife had dogs running in other races that evening, but alas without success. Before the big race the massed bands of H.M. Royal Marines gave a stirring display in the floodlit arena.

★ ★ ★

THREE hostesses, the Countess of Listowel, Mrs. Anthony Wingfield and Mrs. Christopher Firbank joined together and gave a coming-out dance for Lady Listowel's niece Miss Edina de Marffy-Mantuano, and Mrs. Wingfield and Mrs. Firbank's daughters, Miss Deirdre Wingfield and Miss Belinda Firbank at the May Fair Hotel. Dancing took place in the softly lit ballroom and the adjoining rooms were used for sitting out. There were quite a lot of older girls at this dance, including Lady Listowel's daughter Lady Deirdre Hare, who came out last year, the Hon. Grania Wingfield who is over from Ireland, Miss Susan Walford who is also over from Ireland with her mother, Mrs. "Frizz" Fowler, and Miss Diana Morley Kennerley whose parents were also at the dance.

Among this year's débutantes dancing were the Hon. Susan James, the Hon. Fionn O'Neill, Miss Jane Baker, Miss Claire Baring escorted by Mr. Billy Wallace and the Hon. Peter Ward, Miss Anne Norton-Griffiths, whose parents Sir Peter and Lady Norton-Griffiths were there and telling the thrilling story of how the thief who recently burgled their home was caught, and fortunately Lady Norton-Griffiths's jewellery recovered, Miss Elizabeth Kleinwort, Miss Tatiana Orloff, who had her own coming-out dance a few days previously, and the Hon. Rachel Rodd.

FROM here I went on to the dance which Lady Keeling and Mrs. S. S. Hammersley gave jointly for their daughters Miss Caroline Keeling and Miss Philippa Hammersley at Grosvenor House. The two girls looked charming, Caroline in a full skirted dress of white organza, which had been hand printed in Jamaica with a leaf design, and Philippa in smoke grey silk with a lovebird green sash. They are both the youngest of big families, so there were quite a lot of brothers and sisters with their wives and husbands at the dance. Sir John and Lady Keeling have four sons and Caroline who

(Continued overleaf)



Mrs. E. W. Robinson-Horley who came up from Aldershot for the party and Mr. David Farquharson



Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Morris had an amusing conversation with Lord Mancroft

A WELCOME HOME party was given by the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Garthwaite for her sister, the Hon. Mrs. John Bostock Hill and her husband, returned from Malaya, where he is a prominent member of the Bar



G/Capt. and Mrs. Frank Whitworth who farm at Wootton, Dorking



Mrs. R. D. Gillespie found a quiet corner of the room to talk to Sir Charles and Lady Russell

Gabor Denes



## Social Journal (Contd.)

# Fashion Was Toasted

is their youngest child, while Mr. and Mrs. Hammersley have five daughters of whom Philippa is also the youngest, all her sisters are already married.

It was a good idea to have tables arranged around the dance floor, and there was a most amusing cabaret, given by "The Traffic Lights," which got a great ovation. Among the guests enjoying this dance were Earl Granville, whom I noticed dancing energetically, the Hon. Robin and Mrs. Warrender, Miss Rose Lycett Green, Miss Caroline York, Sir Nicholas Nuttall, Miss Jane Knight, Miss Sally Clive and the Hon. Anthony Montagu. Pictures are on pages 20 and 23.

★ ★ ★

MR. BEVERLEY NICHOLS took the chair at the recent Foyles luncheon in honour of Mr. Cecil Beaton to mark the publication of his autobiography, *The Glass Of Fashion*, and set a fashion for chairmen himself in proposing the Royal toast *before* the sweet, instead of, as is usual, when coffee was served. Mr. Nichols, who did not partake of the sweet, quickly lit a cigarette. There were several lovely women at this luncheon who have all been the subject of photographs by Mr. Beaton, who is surely still more famous as a photographer and decorative artist than as author. Foremost among these was the Duchess of Argyll, wearing a small white flowered cap with a dark grey dress and mink stole, who is still, as in her débutante days, outstandingly beautiful. Two other lovely women at the top table were Viscountess Norwich, very smart in black and white, who is herself a clever artist, specializing in murals and décor, and Mrs. Gerald Leggc.

The fashion world was represented primarily by Mme. Schiaparelli and M. Pierre Balmain, who were both over from Paris, and our own British designer, Mr. Hardy Amies, who not only designs some of the Queen's charming clothes, but also those worn by many of the smartest women in London, Paris and New York. The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava had adopted a fashion of her own and looked very gay, wearing a long black cloak with a coachman's collar lined with red over a black dress, with a little cap made of scarlet silk poppies and scarlet gloves.

To open his speech after lunch Mr. Nichols began by saying he considered a chairman's right place was in his chair, but said he was going to speak for eight minutes, and took a little longer telling us about Mr. Beaton's achievements and his new book. He was followed by Mr. Beaton and Dame Edith Evans. Among those also enjoying the luncheon were Mr. Beaton's mother, Mrs. E. Beaton, who sat next to the Duke of Argyll, Lady Juliet Duff, Alicia Markova, Princess de Chimay and Sir Alfred Bossom sitting at the same table as Lady Cohen and Mrs. Eveleigh Nash, who was a great leader of fashion in Edwardian days and still takes a line of her own.

★ ★ ★

I SPENT a very pleasant Sunday afternoon down at Glyndebourne in Sussex where the opera season is now in full swing until July 27. Before we went in to hear the opera, Gluck's *Alceste*, we strolled round Mr. John Christie's gardens, which are always kept in such perfect condition that it is quite worth going to enjoy the gardens alone. Hungarian Magda Laszlo was a very beautiful *Alceste* in a lovely production by Carl Ebert, with settings by Sir Hugh Casson. Among the audience that evening were Lady Violet Bonham Carter, who, like myself, went down on the special train and bus service arranged daily, Mr. Robin and Mr. Alexander Howard who had motored over from their parents' home, Wappingthorne in Sussex, Miss Rona Byron, Mr. and Mrs. Ian Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Robin Hastings and Sir Robert and Lady Mayer.



Jennifer Harrap, Richard Harrap, Mr. G. I. Barty-King, Mrs. A. Pilkington, Timothy and George Pilkington, Mrs. G. I. Barty-King, Mr. Alec Pilkington, David Smyly and Col. D. Smyly



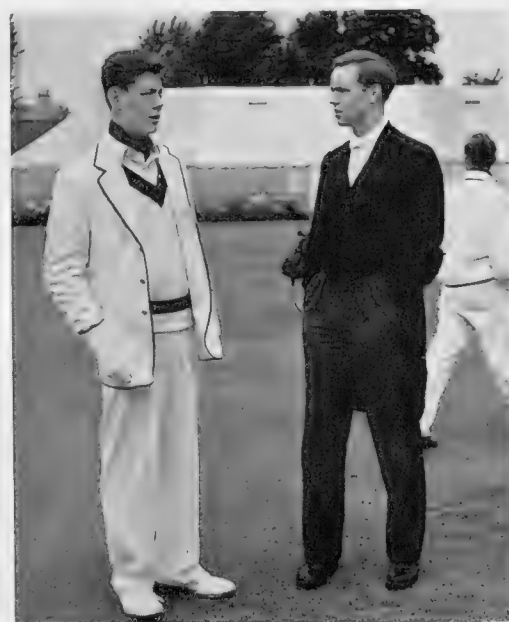
Leaving the pavilion to open the batting for the Winchester side were C. M. Mallet and M. D. Barton

## ETON'S CAPTAIN SAVED THE DAY

THE Etonian N. A. J. Winter played a true captain's innings at Agar's Plough, when in partnership with C. H. Gibson he held the fort for over an hour in their second innings, thus staving off what looked like an inevitable disaster. Winchester (234 for 6 dec.) faced their opponents with a hard task on a wet wicket. The game was unfinished owing to rain



Watching the second afternoon's batting with great interest were C. McCullough (Eton) and Miss G. Maclay



Charles Black, who played for Winchester, was discussing the outcome of the game with Gillespie Robertson





Among the spectators were Major J. Tweed, Miss P. Hicks, Brig. P. Hicks, William Tweed with his dog Bob, Mrs. P. Hicks and Mrs. J. Tweed



Jeremy Smith-Bingham was comparing notes with David Younger and Major O. B. Younger on the first afternoon



Strolling round the grounds were Lady Horsbrugh-Porter, John Horsbrugh-Porter and Sir Andrew Horsbrugh-Porter



Taking a short break from watching the cricket were Mrs. Giles Mills, Lord Ashley, Mr. Giles Mills and George Mills. Soon afterwards, play was ended due to bad weather

## AT THE RACES

# Analysing Ascot

### • Sabretache •

LAST week there was not all the time, or space, desirable for me to say everything that needed saying about Ascot. On the opening day favourites did not oblige with complete fluency, and I do not suppose that many people expected them to after the abominable behaviour of the weather.

Most, I am sure, in that early part of the meeting expected Darius to win the St. James's Stakes more readily than he did. This race once more went to prove how difficult it is to train a horse to win both the Guineas and the Derby, and the fact that Darius won as he did proves him to be a very staunch animal. We in Great Britain had very little to do with the Gold Cup and nothing of any importance happened so far as our horses were concerned, neither Premonition nor Souepi flattering their backers' hopes at any stage of the proceedings, but Premonition did hang on to them for a bit! Not being very fond of work he may have thought that he had been given too big a helping of late.

THE punishing pace ought to have been just to his liking, but, let us admit it, the French horses were just a bit too sharp for our best. Confession is always good for the soul. As to the Hunt Cup, which when all is said and done is only a sprint, it provided one of the main excitements, and I am sure that thousands of people will go on believing that it was a dead-heat between Chivalry and King of the Tudors; but they say "the camera cannot lie." Upon some occasions, however, it has looked as if it were prevaricating a bit, and it certainly looked like it upon this one. However, there is only one person who can be absolutely upon the winning line, the judge, and even he was obviously sorely perplexed. Well he might have been!

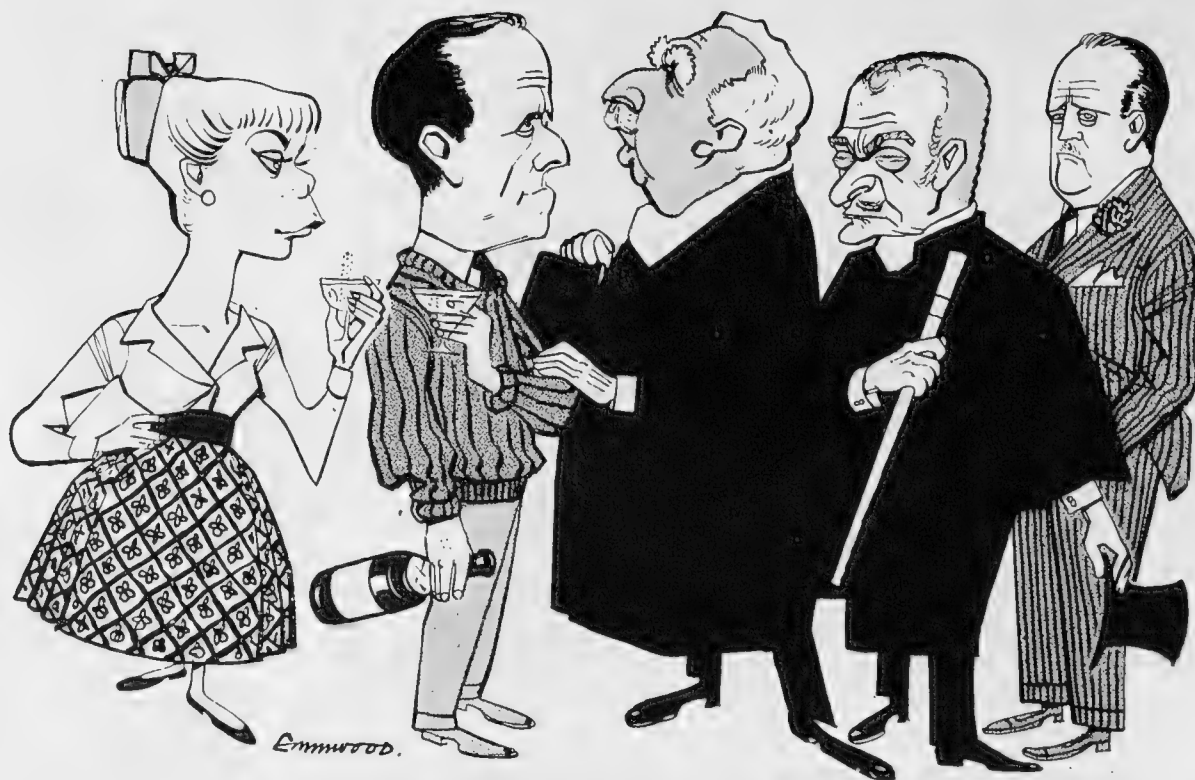
MOST victorious owner of the meeting, in spite of the Boussac triumph, was Major L. B. Holliday: the Coventry Stakes with Noble Chieftain and the Queen Mary with Bride Elect. May these wins prove the forerunners of the higher honours which are reserved for three-year-olds. I think that Major Holliday is the first owner to bring off this particular double; in fact I am sure that he is. It must have been some consolation to Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort to win a good race with Aureole for Her Majesty. He is, incidentally, a brother of the late Arthur, V.C., and a first cousin of the late Leslie Cheape, K.D.G.s., and a polo international of the highest possible repute.

DOROTHY SITWELL's death has been a cause of great grief to many, for she was very much beloved, especially in that foxhunting world which just preceded the modern one. She was particularly well known in the Meynell country where, as those who know it will confirm, you used to spend half your time up in the air, because the enclosures were so small. It was a jumping competition to hound music, and as the country was not a very severe one, there were always plenty of competitors.

Miss Sitwell was very well known also with the three packs which pivot on Melton, the Quorn, the Cottessmore and the Belvoir, and she was absolutely first-class. A charming person, about whom I do not suppose anyone ever heard a wrong word.







MARGARET ROSS (Brenda Bruce) and Tom Davenport (Arthur Macrae) find the bubbles going out of their champagne when two of his aunt's "financial backers," Lord Minster (Miles Malleeson) and Sir George Treherne (Alan Webb), arrive to stake their claims in the legacy. Jimmy Scott-Kennedy (Cyril Raymond) views the guests with legal mistrust

Anthony Cookman

[Illustrations  
by Emmwood]

## At the Theatre

### "Both Ends Meet" (Apollo)

**N**o theatrical bantam weight is so adept as Mr. Arthur Macrae at blacking the eye of the law. He chooses his law judiciously, turning now from foreign travel allowances to income-tax with the same sure sense that he is on to something so preposterously onerous that it is impossible for anyone to keep a straight face about it.

*Traveller's Joy* drew a big audience from the travelling public; its successor (despite a less attractive title) should draw an even bigger one from the public that pays income-tax—that great and noble host who add to the virtue of extraordinary patience a truly Christian charity towards those of them who increase the general burden by contriving to pay less than the Commissioners of Inland Revenue suspect they ought to pay.

It would be unreasonable to expect the people of this comedy to be particularly interesting in themselves. They exist merely as types, good men struggling with adversity simply in the hope of making both ends meet, and as types they serve well enough to point Mr. Macrae's joke against a rate of taxation so staggering that it has elevated evasion almost into a law of self-preservation. The joke, like the characters, is simple, but it also serves to make an evening of comfortable entertainment.

**A** REVUE writer who happened to do pretty well two years ago (using, of course, the experience of a lifetime) now finds himself taxed far beyond his present means. His predicament is made the more vexatious inasmuch as he mistakes the writ server for a reporter and has only just time to pour the eagerly offered glass of sherry back into the bottle. It is perhaps this little contretemps which unnerves him. His young sister suddenly produces a fiancé and he leaps to the conclusion that the young man is an accountant. He is in fact in the Inland Revenue and happens to take his work seriously. He makes several attempts to explain his position, but his explanations are swept impotently aside for by this time

the revue writer's solicitor has arrived and is describing in illuminating but dummy detail his own private methods of practising tax evasion.

**I**T is a good thing to let off your house to personal friends who will pay you their rent in cash; indeed, if you can collect enough personal friends there is no reason why you should not accommodate them in several houses. Why should not the revue writer make a beginning by carving out a flat in his house for his sister and her young man when they are married? A few more turns of the plot, and the revue writer and his solicitor are left staring bleakly into space. The offended young man has gone back to his office, and there is little doubt that he has learned enough of their affairs to plunge them into blue ruin.

It is a pity, I think, that Mr. Macrae could not have evolved a few more complications from this particular situation. He prefers to endow the revue writer with a timely fortune bequeathed him by a gay old aunt, and the fortune enables him to snatch his future brother-in-law from the Inland Revenue and turn him into his financial adviser. It also enables Mr. Macrae to introduce two elderly admirers of his aunt who compete with each other in a little gentlemanly blackmail. But when the blackmail threatens to become something more than gentlemanly what is easier than to resume the tax evasion theme by leading the old gentlemen on to a full and angry disclosure of their own devious ways round the demands of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

**T**HE piece is most pleasingly presented under the direction of Mr. Peter Brook. Mr. Macrae himself plays the impulsively inconsistent revue writer. Mr. Miles Malleeson and Mr. Alan Webb are great fun as the imperturbable Edwardian old codgers. Mr. Cyril Raymond is the all too human solicitor and Mr. Richard Pearson is touchingly droll as the good-natured server of writs.



UNWANTED GUEST  
O.H.M.S. Mr. Wilson  
(Richard Pearson)





Cecil Beaton

AUDREY HEPBURN, who is now, delighting New York audiences at the 46th Street Theatre in Giraudoux's *Ondine*, a production by Alfred Lunt, was discovered in a London chorus. Of Irish-Dutch parentage, she was a schoolgirl living at Arnhem at the time of the airborne landings. From the ranks of *Sauce Tartare* she graduated to a part in *Sauce Piquant*, and thence to films, *Roman Holiday* in particular, and to Broadway, where her previous success was in Mme. Colette's *Gigi*

## London Linelight



Mary Morris, Reginald Tate and Ralph Michael in *Six Characters in Search of an Author*

## Pirandello's Morris Dance

THE best of Pirandello, *Six Characters in Search of An Author*, has been revived, and most laudably, at the Arts. A very little more forethought of the expensive kind which no club can afford, would have made this under-rehearsed version masterly. I do not doubt that audiences late in its brief run will see a near masterpiece.

There is a large, accomplished and mostly underworked cast headed by four principals. Reginald Tate, as the producer, does his deceptive underplaying very nimbly; Ralph Michael as the neurotic father is horribly in the target area and Marda Vanne is just about as good as the author intended.

We now come to the leading lady, Mary Morris, who is one of our really important actresses, for she has the true mesmeric eye and everything she does has vitality and urgency. She is satisfyingly brilliant, but if I were she I would watch Miss Marjorie Dunkels' caricatures of other good actresses, in *Going to Town*, with a wary eye and avoid supplying her with further ammunition.

"REPRISE," a revue of revues at the Watergate, suffers from one fatal flaw—the youthfulness of the majority of its protagonists. One cannot revive memories of (for example) Marie Lloyd, without having seen her, and too many old favourites resurrected here from the past twenty-five years suffered from straight comparison, whereas a touch of nostalgic caricature would have saved the day.

However, here is Gabrielle Brune (herself) showing exactly how "Mr. Henderson" should be performed, the men of the company mentioning a lady's name in the Mess as disgracefully as ever and Hugh Paddick with Noel Dyson playing the Butler and Milady sketch from *Four, Five, Six* at least as well as Bobbie Howes and Binnie Hale.

WHEN *Reluctant Heroes*, now London's longest run, ends its career at the Whitehall, it will be replaced by a play specially written for the present leading man, Brian Rix, by one of his understudies, John Chapman. The author is a brave man, for he has chosen a title which any disapproving critic could seize on with glee, *Dry Rot*. The story in fact deals farcically with crooks and racehorses and since nature is always catching up with art (look at the weather we've had since John Piper became popular) a recent case which made headlines has put a seal of probability on a phantasy which was already on paper.

—Youngman Carter





Chris Ware

LANGTON HALL, situated in the heart of the Leicestershire hunting country, is the beautiful and historic home of the Hon. Mrs. George Spencer. A fine sculptress, she is here at work in her studio on a head of her spaniel, Mr. Wigs. The huge old castellated house, with its magnificent park, has a history going back to the Conquest, and still has parts dating from the fifteenth century

## Talk Around the Town

THE many whose curiosity about Royalty too blatantly transcends discretion—even with the excuse of patriotism—are not the phenomenon of to-day that some would have us believe.

Indeed, there is something to be said in their defence, incited, as they are, from so many directions to be curious.

But I heard the other day of an amusing deterrent once used during the reign of King Edward VII. that might possibly be brought up to date.

The King was paying what he had hoped was a private visit to Brighton. Outside his house—probably one of the numerous Sassoon mansions of the time—he was distressed to find people hanging about morning, noon and night, leaning against the railings and sitting on some all-too-conveniently-placed benches.

At this moment Brighton authority thought it high time to freshen up the district.

It started by painting the benches and railings, not just once over, *but early every morning*. I was not told whether they also started to dig up the street so as to discourage traffic.

If I were Westminster authority, I would be tempted to use the same form of discouragement around the base of Eros in Piccadilly Circus, now used as a lounging trough by a type of people whom one cannot imagine that Gilbert would have thought an enhancement of his work.

★ ★ ★

PEOPLE who believe that a memorial statue is all the better for being sited at some pertinent spot may be disappointed in the place selected for the bronze of King George VI.



The Hon. Mrs. Spencer with her daughter Catherine, who is a god-daughter of the late Queen of Norway, and a very keen pianist



Perhaps some may also be disappointed in the promise which the model holds out for the eventually 9-ft.-tall effigy.

I doubt if the late King ever set foot in his life in the western cul-de-sac of Carlton House Terrace. The most that I can see to be said for the chosen site is that its surrounding steps provide a new amenity for Londoners, blocked away now from the Mall during processional occasions by the overcrowded Duke of York steps.

I had hoped that the apex of the Green Park by the Corner might have been chosen, with its symbolism of the move the King made from No. 145, Piccadilly to occupancy of the Palace during the most stressful of years.

One thing can be safely said in the new statue's favour: it is a better place than that allotted to King George V., which shows him gazing at the building whose occupants caused him so much unhappiness at the outset of his reign—the House of Lords.

★ ★ ★

Do you find yourself in the booksellers' drawn towards the table marked "Travel"? Do you pick up books on unheard-of places by little-known authors? And page them through until decency protests? Books on Minorca, the Hebrides, sun-kissed Linoleo and romantic Plytwz? Then you are suffering from midsummer wanderlust.

I found myself reading through with absorbed interest a new book called *The South Devon Coast*, which I approved of at first handling, for it contained a map of the county with which it was concerned. Volume after volume of travel is published yearly with no such necessary appendix.

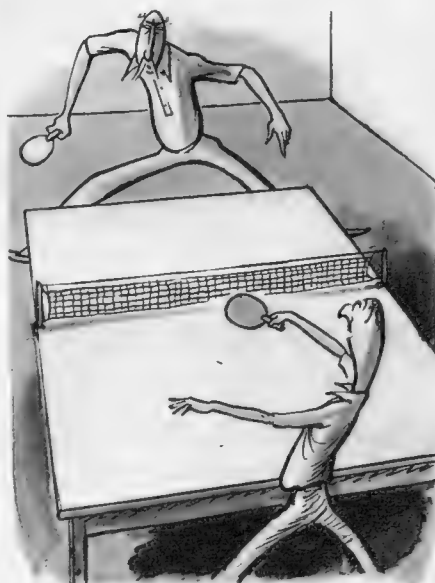
My affection for Devon is largely restricted to autumn and spring. Summer seems to point only to the sadness of that strip of the southern coast which man has ruined.

This is a good book, and Mr. S. H. Burton endears himself by remarks like this: "Even though I get bored with it there's no doubt that — is one of the finest resorts in England for those who like resorts . . . even the most cynical traveller is forced to admit the beauty of the distant prospects."

WHAT Mr. Burton prefers (and here again I am with him) is the lonely strip of coast that paradoxically ends with Devon's biggest city. For some time past a petrol company has been using a fine photograph of a part of this littoral to illustrate the placid and aloof beauty of England.

## THE ABOMINABLE CLUBMAN

By WYNDHAM ROBINSON



"Much faster game without the ball, don't you agree?"

Uncounted thousands of motorists have argued, I gather, as to the identity of this place. I know, and won't tell. Except that it lies around Start Point and Gara Point.

A rowboat should cover the area in a day or two.

★ ★ ★

I THOUGHT at first that weather-cones hoisted on London's flagpoles might be used, but then I came on a much better idea.

Why does not the Earl De La Warr introduce a weather report service on his telephones, having particular reference to Wimbledon, Lord's, Ascot and other forms of outdoor sports?

Here was I, with a Centre Court ticket, after a day in bed spent listening to what I gathered had been some breathlessly exciting play, the while two temperatures rose, London's with sunshine and my own with flu—or something.

Now my convalescence faced a gloomy sky, a downpour, a patch of blue, then a shower; was it worth risking the journey down? And if you say "ring Wimbledon," I suggest you try it for yourself.

This was the off-and-on day that finished with "no play" at all, and an unearned £15,000 in the Wimbledon kitty.

ONE who did get to Wimbledon on a luckier day commented upon the great number of women among the thousands of spectators.

It seemed to him that the attendance must be at least 90 per cent. feminine.

I have often had this same impression, and I don't see why it should not be so. For all the muscular energy put into it, tennis is emotionally a feminine game, as any doubter may infer if he has seen a grown man throw his racquet down in a pet because he missed a ball, and then has done everything except cry, or put his head on his trainer's shoulder.

The peak year since the war remains '49. Tennis purists may disagree. But "Gorgeous Gussie" Moran was a most interesting player to watch. Or would it be fairer to say that there was more of her to watch than in most women players?

★ ★ ★

THEY are to make a play of *The Diary of a Nobody*, and I hope for Mr. Basil Dean's sake that the dangerous task proves successful, although I fancy that I will not dare to be present at the first night in the autumn.

Mr. Pooter's diary is a monologue, and might be done as such, but how to get over the authenticity of the other characters: as so explicitly drawn by one of the two authors—Mr. Weedon Grossmith? The immortal Mr. Murray Posh, Mr. Hardfur Huttie, Master Lupin, Miss Daisy Mutlar, that beautiful child Master Percy Edgar Smith James, and Mr. Burwin Fosselton among their number.

I have never traced the origin of the word "posh," but it may well have come from the Grossmiths' classic. For Mr. Murray was so posh!

A nice theme for an essay might evolve from among those writers of imaginative fiction who have been able to enhance their work at the desk with interpretative work on the drawing-board. Thackeray was one such; and I suppose one might put down Miss Beatrix Potter? It would be nice to think that the Sydney Paget drawings of Sherlock Holmes faithfully reflected Conan Doyle's vision, but Doyle seems to have tolerated a large selection of versions of Holmes, until the day came when he was thoroughly sick of Baker Street's fairy prince, and simply didn't care.

—Gordon Beckles



Mr. R. A. Butler, president of the club, with Mr. L. E. Room and Mr. H. Berkeley, the chairman



Also present were Dr. K. Wallersteiner, Mrs. Wallersteiner, the only lady guest, Dr. K. Eibenschutz and Mr. G. Searby



Sir Patrick Hannon, surviving founder of the club, talks over some of the past dinners with Mr. Peter Goldman

### The Coningsby Club Celebrated the 150th Anniversary of Disraeli's Birth





*At a flower-decorated table, Major and Mrs. Esmond Sconce, Lady Keeling, one of the hostesses, and Capt. and Mrs. Charles Kendall enjoyed a leisurely interlude of conversation when supper was over*



*Charmingly grouped together were the five daughters of Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Hammersley: Mrs. Penelope Eckersley, Mrs. Jennifer White, Mrs. Priscilla Bygott-Webb, Miss Philippa Hammersley and Mrs. Jill Poloniecka*

## DANCE SHARED WAS MORE THAN DOUBLE PLEASURE

**A**N evening that will be long remembered by the young contemporaries of Miss Caroline Keeling and Miss Philippa Hammersley was the dance given for them at the Dorchester by their mothers, Lady Keeling and Mrs. S. Hammersley. No fewer than 500 guests were present and dancing went on till dawn



*Miss Angela Ferraro and Mr. Charles Vincent talked in a secluded corner in an interval between dances*





Miss Caroline Keeling, one of the débutantes for whom the party was given, danced a quickstep with Mr. David Risby



Mr. Alastair Orr-Deas was entertaining Miss Priscilla Copeman with a story while they danced a slow fox-trot



Lord Leslie, son of the Earl of Rothes, chatted to Miss Penny Walcott as they sat on the staircase



Mr. Ben Hanbury had an interested audience in Miss Vanla Arbuthnot and Miss Sarah Legge.



Major Bygott-Webb refilled the glasses of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ryder with champagne, so that they could join with the other guests in drinking the health of the two débutantes

Desmond O'Neill



## DINING OUT

### What Size Grill Do You Take?

JUST to refresh my own memory further on the subject of grills, I tried to make out a list of what one might expect to find displayed by the side of the chef and his well-stocked grill.

As I had some difficulty in finishing my own list, I do not apologise to those whose memory may also need refreshing. Here is what I finally compiled:

- Lamb chops (we all know those).
- Double lamb chops (as much as 12 oz.).
- Lamb cutlets.
- Mignon (fillet steak size 1).
- Medaillon (size 2).
- Tournedos (size 3).
- Chateaubriand (size 4).
- Rump steak (which is plump).
- Minute steak (from sirloin).
- Entrecôte (sirloin).
- T-Bone (sirloin).

I should judge the entrecôte to have now become the most popular of steaks with the English. Strange variations and apologies for it have certainly been with us during the lean years, when almost anything was a "steak."

THE CRITERION (Piccadilly Circus). Once a luxury centre, it can now be approached with a modest purse from most points of the compass. But À LA BROCHE, also called THE CRITERION GRILL, caters for sound palates and corresponding purses. Entrances in Jermyn Street and the Circus, both with bars.

On the Circus side, too, is BEAR TAVERN, a *bierhalle* type, with food served till midnight. Also a straightforward FORTE'S café. The HAY WAIN (Haymarket side) is a medium-price restaurant. A lounge bar is entered from Regent Street. With a couple of pubs (sandwich bars) you have almost everything, including an all-night chemist.

SOME hold that a most reliable preliminary test of a restaurant's promise is a glimpse of its (a) cheese-board and (b) *hors d'œuvre* display.

A friend of mine would add that his own test is to be found in a restaurant's *pâté*.

For the past decade we have had to be content with *pâté maison*, which can vary from week to week at the same place, being dependent upon what the cook can spare. And, of course, we have had the imported *foie gras*. Occasionally I have come on good game *pâtés*—hare, rabbit, pheasant, and just "game."

But it remains true that much skill can go to the preparation of a *maison's* own, which properly should be (but often is not) of pork and liver. What memories of touring on the French highways are conjured up by a really good *pâté* on nicely-made toast!

—I. Bickerstaff





F. J. Goodman

THE DUCHESS DE LIANCOURT is the charming wife of the Duc de La Rochefoucauld's heir. Her husband, a composer, has just written the music for a new ballet, *Achille*. The Duc and Duchesse, who live in the Rue Octave Feuillet, Paris, have two young daughters

## Priscilla in Paris

# The Little Corporal Plans Campaign

I HAVE never, hitherto, imagined Sacha Guitry in the light of a public benefactor. An *amuseur*, yes, and for that we owe him a great debt of gratitude, although we are never quite free from the thought that in amusing us he amuses himself even more! A darling of the gods, he has always given us the impression of being the perfect egotist . . . and proud of it.

How mistaken we have been.

Here we are, launched on prolonged summer holidays (schools broke up earlier this year), when Paris, after the Grand Prix, is deserted by all true Parisians. Columnists and gossip writers, those at least who are not specially attached to Deauville

or Le Touquet, are hard put to it to collect copy, and this year again Sacha Guitry comes to the rescue. Last July it was "*Si Versailles M'était Conté*," and there was—as the French have it—"to drink and to eat" for all captious pen-pushers in the making of that Guitryesque conception of French history.

Now this year the Master will be producing yet another epic. It will cost double the amount of *Versailles*, there will be an even greater pageant of gorgeous costumes, stars from every quarter of the universe will appear in leading rôles, starlets are queueing up to be allowed to walk on, and every visiting film personality, from Ingrid Bergman to Gloria Swanson, is greeted

at the airfield with the question: "Are you playing in *Napoleon*?"

Already the first "stills" have arrived of Daniel Gelin as Bonaparte and Raymond Pellegrin as Napoleon. There is a certain physical likeness between the two actors, but Gelin's proboscis reminds one more of Cyrano de Bergerac than of the young lieutenant from Corsica. On the other hand, there is nothing against Pellegrin's nose in the portrayal of Napoleon the Emperor. How will the Master explain this? Can there have been plastic surgery in those days?

THE George Courteline prize for the most humorous—and best-written—book of the year has been awarded to Odette Joyeux (and was ever a writer so well-named?). Her book is an amusing satire that makes kindly fun of the worlds of the *haute couture* and women's journals, entitled *La Mariée Est Trop Belle*, which might be aptly, if somewhat broadly, translated as "Too good to be true!"

Odette Joyeux, although she is only in the very early thirties, reminds me of the miller's daughter in a charming musical comedy of long ago:

She was a miller's daughter,  
She lived beside the mill.  
Deep and swift ran the water . . .  
But she was deeper still!

Our authoress is so demure and quiet, a little "nut-brown maid," that it is difficult to believe that she has crowded so much into the three decades of her existence. As a small child she was a *petit rat* of the Grand Opera House *corps de ballet*, but she was not strong enough to continue such a grinding career. She has played in silent films and, later, starred in many "talkies" that have been seen in London. *L'Entrée Des Artistes* ("Stage Door"), in which she appeared with the late Louis Jovet and with Claude Dauphin, is still shown on various screens in Paris.

HAVING married the actor Pierre Brasseur, she appeared on the stage. After their separation she began to write. Two novels were successful, and they were followed by two plays, in one of which, *Le Château du Carrefour*—an enchanting dream production—she played the leading rôle.

Odette Joyeux is a real and an enchanting person, and one who has never known, strange as it may seem, the uses of advertisement.

Some of the Paris Metro stations are less discreet. Illuminated plate-glass and chromium show-cases on the platforms now while away the waits between trains. There is humour—unconscious, no doubt—in their arrangement, especially in the display of reducing medicines placed in proximity to the weighing-machine, and irony in that of a famous beauty cream close to a certain grim ticket-puncher at . . . well, there are many stations to choose from.

## Enfin!

Who will play the part of Mme. Letitia in "*Napoleon*"? The odds on Mistinguett and Cecile Sorel are even.





*The three young girls with the three hostesses who gave the dance for them: Miss Firbank and her mother, Mrs. Christopher Firbank, Miss Wingfield and her mother, Mrs. Anthony Wingfield, and Miss de Marffy-Mantuano with her aunt, the Countess of Listowel*

**A TRIPLE DEBUT** took place when a dance was given at the May Fair Hotel for Miss Edina de Marffy-Mantuano, Miss Belinda Firbank and Miss Deirdre Wingfield. A delightful evening ensued, the dancing was varied by an excellent cabaret, and guests left with happy memories of three delightful additions to the debutante world



*Mr. Adam Butler and Miss Mary Rodd settled down to talk after a chance meeting*



*Miss Caroline Vachell was laughing at a witty observation made by Mr. John Kendall*



*Momentous questions were under discussion by Miss Philippa Montgomerie, Miss Jane Friedberger and Mr. Geoffrey de Bellaigue*



*Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave enjoying a tour of the dance floor with Sir John Buchanan-Riddell, Bt.*



*Taking refreshment while waiting for the next dance to begin were Miss Jennifer Dawson and Mr. James Hales*



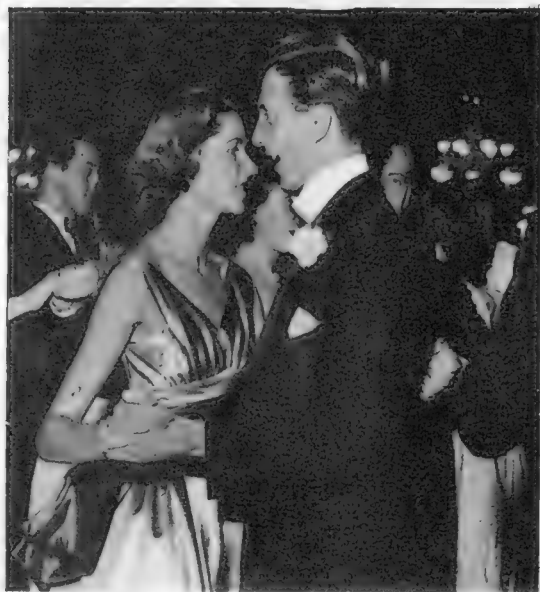
*Mr. Houston Shaw-Stewart, Miss Elizabeth Peto, Mr. Peter Drinkwater, Mr. David Thomas and Miss Anne Barker*



*The Marquise de Miramon smilingly accepted M. G. A. Baricalla's invitation to accompany him in a slow foxtrot*



*Mr. W. Weiss and Mrs. Anthony Norman were thoroughly enjoying a quick turn round the crowded ballroom*



*Chatting as they took part in a waltz were Miss Jacynth Lindsay and Mr. Christopher Marsden-Smedley*



*Two members of the reception committee, Comtesse de Crouy-Chanel (left), the chairman, and H.E. the French Ambassador (right), one of the presidents, in conversation with M. and Mme. Vincent Auriol*

## THE ENTENTE CORDIALE CELEBRATED BY A BALL

CLOSE on the fiftieth anniversary of the Entente Cordiale followed the Anglo-French Ball at the Dorchester. Guests at this unusually brilliant occasion, held in aid of the French Hospital, were received by H.E. the French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli and the Comtesse de Crouy-Chanel. Dancing continued until 2 a.m. and excellent entertainment was provided by cabaret stars Pierre Dudan and Anna Marly, international experts in gaiety



*Among those who were present at this most excellent ball was Lord Melchett, dancing with Lady Melchett*





*M. Claude Lebel, whose wife, Mme. Lebel, was a member of the ball committee, talking to Lady Lloyd*



*Outside the ballroom, Major John Wiggin, M.C., of the Grenadier Guards, was talking to the Hon. Mrs. R. D. Cardiff*



*In a lighthearted mood were the Marquess of Willingdon and the Marchioness, one of the ball vice-presidents*



*In smiling approval of international friendship were Mons. G. S. Gazzoni and Miss Jill Clifford Turner*



*Early in the evening Mme. Claude Lebel stopped to have a brief word with Mr. and Mrs. John de Laszlo*



*Arrival of new guests at the Dorchester. Mrs. Jack Steinberg, a ball vice-president, was giving an outline of proceedings so far to Major and Mrs. Ian Menzies*

Suzanne



"A gentleman is known by the size of his diamonds"

Graham

## D. B. Wyndham Lewis

# Standing By ...

USING large diamonds very sparingly ("a gentleman is known by the size of his diamonds," as Babs Hargreaves used to say) we find our pulse almost unaffected by the recent discovery in the Transvaal of a walnut-sized stone valued at £100,000. Had it been a pearl. . .

Pearls, if large, add a distinctive note to that *soigné* appearance which is half the battle, as you white men will agree, and the hard boys who are so constantly stealing them deserve a quiet word of approbation for their taste, we always think. They seem for some reason to have done nothing in a big way since the great Hatton Garden coup of the 1920's, the story of which, as Nanny has probably told you, begins in Paris and ends round a barmaid's neck in the Garden. How that £100,000 string was thrown by a frightened nark into the gutter, in daylight, picked up hours later by a road-sweeper, and given to a girl in a pub as a few beads from Woolworth's is the kind of sequence which chaps smoking Havanas turn down every week as too corny even for British films. Nevertheless it happened, and more.

Britannia's hard boys never planned a more perfect bit of work, in our unfortunate view, and it was just bad luck that one of them got cold feet. Such unforeseen hazards make big business the risky, fascinating adventure it is, and we wonder a recent little manual on Success didn't mention this. No offence.

### Kiss

BIG Wimbledon queens leaping into the arena like tigresses, swollen by rage and mumps simultaneously—what a spectacle that would be, a confirmed Wimbledon-addict said to us with glittering eyes last week, discussing the recent epidemic among the Wightman Cup girls. That terrifying final kiss. . .

Recalling an experience in the Roman Colosseum a couple of years ago, we felt some distaste for the fellow. The afternoon was

tropical and we dozed off in our seat. A peculiar kind of nightmare ensued. Through the Door of Life in the long axis march the usual array of gladiators, followed by a menacing platoon of Wimbledon queens with double muscles (and maybe mumps), each carrying six rackets and each accompanied by her personal maid, private secretary, Press-agent, masseur, beautician, physician, surgeon, psychiatrist, and Mumsie. At their entry a crowd of 50,000 froze into silence, three of the sailors hauling the great painted awning over the arena fell from the top storey to their death, and Nero (or maybe Domitian) was sick in the Imperial Box. If the professional gladiators, raked by the frigid lorgnettes of a whole row of Mumsies, put up a fumbling show, the real battle, which ended with the traditional Kiss of Death over the net, stirred the mob to such ignoble frenzy that we woke, just as the vanquished were being carried out and the survivors began distributing autographs.

Oddly enough, a distinguished Roman archaeologist told us next day that such spectacles were common until the National Union of Gladiators went on strike. *O Roma felix*—excuse this emotion.

### Boom

As if the bellowing of Wagner's Valkyries, lately deplored in this page, were not enough, we find one of Auntie Times's critic-boys compelled to rap a Romeo for "shouting from time to time" at Juliet in a newly-recorded performance of Gounod's opera.

This noise may be relatively more reasonable than the Valkyries' kind, it occurs to us. Any gentleman who has ever tried to make love at night in the open air to a girl on a high balcony will know that it is often necessary to shout quite loudly, and on looking up the play we find plenty of passages where Romeo probably had to roar like a bull. A typical one (we quote from memory) is the famous line beginning "Night's candles are burned out," which could lead to endless bother if Juliet happened to be one of those egg-headed blondes one sees around.

"Night's candles are burned out—"  
"What?"  
"I said 'Night's candles—'"  
"I don't think I want to hear any at this moment, thank you."  
"Any what?"  
"Nice scandals!"  
"I said—"  
"What an idea! Mumsie would be perfectly fu—"  
"I said NIGHT'S CANDLES!"  
"I heard you, Mr. Montague, and please don't shout at me."

And so forth, leading to a blazing row, a ring hurled from above, and a slammed glass door. The marriage arranged between Mr. R. Montague and Miss J. Capulet will not now take

place, and maybe just as well. Romeo strikes us as a thoroughly un-English type (Preface by Honoria Lady Gowler to *The Plays of Shakespeare*, Grosvenor Edition, 1910.)

### Baker

LOVERS of Paddington Station rallying for the recent centenary celebrations, a great emotional occasion, are still discussing two keen disappointments, we discover. The Refreshment Room on Platform One, Paddington's social and spiritual centre, was not temporarily re-furnished and decorated as in Brunel's time, though some of the original sandwiches were there already. Further, there was no public recital from the poetical work of T. Baker.

T. Baker, the Great Western Railway's famous (and only) poet, published ten cantos of verse in 1857 called *The Steam Engine, or the Spirit of Flame*, in which he awarded the GWR big boys a series of haloes of the largest size for moral worth and proclaimed that their only aim was "to aggrandise and elevate the Human Race." This so exactly expressed the Board's aspirations that a shareholder who tentatively mentioned the dough at the annual general meeting of 1858 was struck across the face with a glove by a stout lady in the front row, with a cry of "Abominable!" Several clergymen turned pale with anger and distress and the fellow was ejected.

### Tweet

SINCE a leading Soviet ornithologist informed a recent congress at Basle that there are 693 distinct breeding-species of our feathered chums in Russia, birdwatchers in this country have been noticeably less unkind to their wives in the evenings, our spies report.

This is due not to any change of heart but to awe and unaccustomed humility, induced by trying to visualise the vast melancholy of the illimitable Steppe and many thousands of pairs of mystical, fatalist, protruding Slav eyes fixed sombrely on 693 different kinds of birdie. Under the Tsarist régime most Russian birdwatchers were in mental torment (see Dostoevsky *et al.*), and probably are so still. Apparently Russian birds respect their nihilist despair and refrain from unsuitable gestures, a well known foible of British birds. Down our way, in fact, Miss Wigthorpe of Observation Post 216, an introspective, near-Slav type, complained last month to our District Warden, Mr. Topjoy, of a tree-pipit's actually addressing her as "You — old bag." Mr. Topjoy reported this to Area, which reported to Region, which reported to Central, where Mrs. Hemingway Crunch spoke to Lady Gowler, who unfortunately is not on terms of any kind with Miss Pottering, Major Crabshaw, or the Duchess. So there the matter rests, unless someone can end the present blood feud between dear, trying old Sir Nero and the Hospitality Sub-Committee.



Complained. . . of a tree-pipit's actually addressing her as "You old bag".





Miss Annette Wiggins (centre) with her crew, Mrs. Girling, of the Henley S.C., were winners of the Bourne End trophy for National 12-footers. With them is Mr. Derek Somerville, Commodore of the Staines S.C.

THE THAMES WAS A MAGNET for dinghy helmsmen throughout the South, when the Upper Thames S.C. held their Bourne End Sailing Week. The Week was started in the 1890's, and competitors this year included boats of those early days. Every type of weather was experienced, giving first-class practice



Final polish being given to a Firefly by Mr. Michael Upton and Miss Sarah Knight, of Barnt Green S.C.



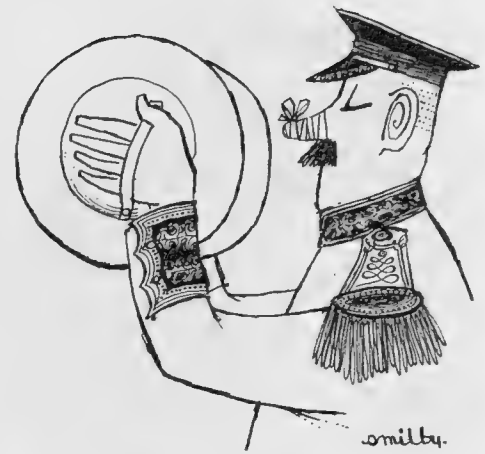
Mr. Scott Freeman, Commodore of the U.T.S.C., and Mr. Harold Wiggins, Henley S.C., started and timed all races



Mr. and Mrs. David Evans from Henley packing up their 12-ft. National Gigolette after the last event



Rigging the International 14-footer Thor were Mr. Graeme Hayward, Itchenor S.C., and Miss Susan Galbraith



## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

THE parents of the obstreperous child were so bewildered by his behaviour that in desperation they bought a book on child psychology.

★ After reading it for a time, the father looked up at his wife and said musingly: "It doesn't seem to say where we're to apply this free hand we're supposed to give him." ★

A MEMBER of the theatrical profession made a practice of trying to do away with herself because of her complicated affairs of the heart. The fifth time this romantic lady had been rushed to hospital, a well-known columnist offered a word of advice.

"You want to go easy on this suicide stuff," he said kindly. "The first thing you know, you'll ruin your health."

THE young scientist invented a jet projectile with camera attached. He went off with it to the testing-grounds, and it flew straight up for hundreds of miles. When it reached the peak of its flight, up beyond the stratosphere, the camera photographed the entire earth.

"How did the picture come out?" the scientist was asked later.

"No good," he replied dejectedly, "somebody moved."

"No, thanks," was the man's gruff reply when the newspaper boy offered him a paper.

"Famous footballer shot, sir," the boy went on.

"Famous footballer shot, did you say? Give me a paper, quick," said the man, snatching one from the boy's hand.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, pocketing the money and dashing off, "but he never scored."

ON the train to town friends of the very amateur gardener used to give him advice, and one day they started to leg-pull him.

"Now," said one of his fellow-travellers one morning, "you know the way to get the best out of your sweet peas, don't you? Plant the seeds half an hour before it rains."

The amateur missed the point completely, but as everybody else laughed, he realised it must be a joke.

A few minutes later he suddenly began laughing to himself.

"I see that joke about the sweet-pea seeds now," he said. "They don't have seeds—they have pods."

## At The Pictures

# THE GEYSERS WERE FINE



Glynis Johns and Jack Hawkins on the war-path in "The Seekers"

WHAT a splendid theme—the early colonisation of New Zealand. What a fine choice of stars—Jack Hawkins and Glynis Johns. This was going to be a great British picture, I told myself as, glancing at the Bard dappled in Leicester Square's sunshine, I strode confidently through the Odeon's black portals to view *The Seekers*.

It started well. There was Hawkins, as a sailor, dealing with the troubles of the first landing in his manly way. There was the exotic scenery and the geysers spouting in top form. There were the Maoris, hundreds of them, ready to dance or fight at the film director's behest. It had everything. But ninety minutes later I emerged a disappointed man, convinced that if this is the best the film industry can do for the Empire then the American colonists were right. It had everything but a good script.

As far as they are permitted, Jack Hawkins and Glynis Johns perform adequately as leaders of the first settlers. Trouble begins, both with the Maoris and the story, when a young settler shoots a Maori by accident and Hawkins skips Bible class in favour of a night out with Laya Raki, the sultry and attractive wife of a chieftain. Thus, at one blow, the full horrors of sex and modern firearms are introduced into the peaceful community. Miss Raki, incidentally, is fetching in a nineteenth-century Bikini.

The ensuing shemozzle, better directed, could have been exciting. But somehow it never is.

JUST having seen Hawkins and Johns go up in flames I got another start when Maureen O'Hara shot MacDonald Carey half-way through *Malaga*. Stars cannot be expended like this. However, he was wearing a bullet-proof vest and, despite this questionable evidence of her affection, went on to win Miss O'Hara.

It is an honest melodrama of smuggling in the colourful Mediterranean setting of Tangier and Malaga. It moves so fast that you cannot catch up with the plot, which deals with the efforts of Miss O'Hara and Mr. Carey to liquidate a smuggling racket.

Slick stuff with appropriate support from Binnie Barnes, Guy Middleton and Hugh McDermott.

MORE serious and worth while is *The Sleeping Tiger*, a psychological thriller. Dirk Bogarde gives an admirable portrayal of a young criminal who is reformed by the devoted therapy of a psychiatrist, well acted by Alexander Knox.

Knox takes Bogarde into his own home, where his wife, Alexis Smith, turns out to be as much in need of treatment as Bogarde. For Bogarde arouses her latent criminal instincts, "the sleeping tiger in us all," and Miss Smith takes the opportunity of giving a terrifying study of a neurotic woman.

Slight acquaintance with Freudian mythology is an advantage, but even for the non-initiated it is a well-directed and well-acted piece of entertainment and preserves an exciting tension throughout.

—Dennis W. Clarke



Triumph of the chef's art, a cleverly contrived boar's head, was being shown by Mr. Neville Mullany to the Master of Balliol, Sir David Keir, Lady Keir and Miss Susan Griffin



By one of the braziers were Miss Ann Green, Mr. Ian Smart, Miss Patsy Webb and Mr. Peter Cornall

## MIDSUMMER DELIGHTS AT BALLIOL'S DANCE

HALF the pleasure of Balliol's summer dance was found inside, on the specially laid floor in the Main Hall, and half outside, where the College's beautiful grounds, in the gloaming of the shortest night, beckoned insistently between dances. The 400 guests also enjoyed a brilliant cabaret by the Cambridge Footlights, shortly to be seen in the West End in their newest revue. A running buffet in a large marquee was an attraction





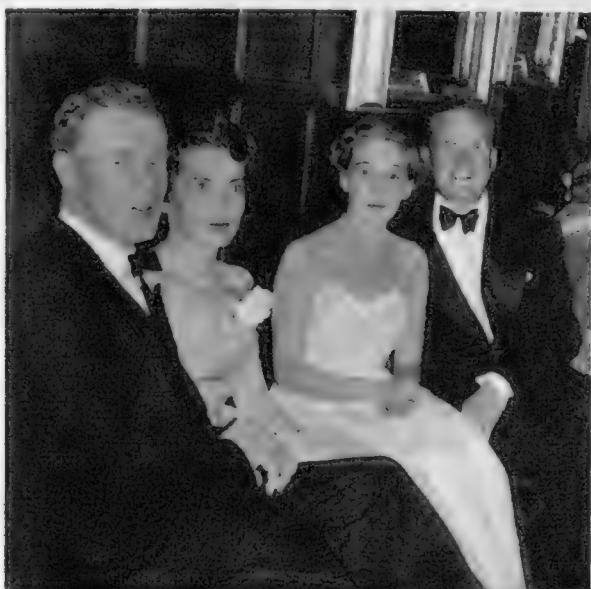
Chatting by an original fire-screen were Miss Angela Franklin and Mr. George Dewey



Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lemon, from Kenya, were also at this very well-arranged event



Just coming in from a walk in the grounds were Mr. and Mrs. David Kabraji



Waiting for the next number: Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Ferguson and Mrs. and Mr. Henry Davies



Miss Shirley Seed and Mr. Denis Henry were going out for a stroll in the cool night air



Seated by a chestnut tree was found comfortable by Miss Alison Gilbert and Mr. George Fayer



On the staircase were Miss Rosalind Moyland, Mr. Roy Morrison, Miss Diana De la Warr and Mr. Ian Macdonald



Good company in the buffet, provided by Miss Alison Dorey, Mr. John Hulcoop, Miss Dilys Hamlett, Mr. Robin Blackhurst, Miss Valerie Harrison and Mr. Jack Good

David Swain



FLOATING GENTLY AWAY, leaving nearly-visible eddies of nostalgia in its wake, goes the balloon which opened the second day of the National Air Race meeting at Baginton. The pilot was Mr. G. E. Long, sole remaining free-balloon pilot in the British Empire. One of his two passengers was his son

**Flying**

**Oliver Stewart**

## King's Cup Must Be Revised



F/Lt. Harold Wood, chief Blackburn test pilot, who won the King's Cup Air Race

as "Timber" Wood) win the race. He is a pilot of enormous experience, probably best known to the larger public for his handling of the big Blackburn Universal Freighter at the Farnborough shows. But because we were pleased with the winner, we were not necessarily pleased with the race.

My own view is that the Royal Aero Club staged at Baginton one of the best air displays we have had in this country; but that the King's Cup Air Race was the

THE King's Cup Air Race is over; long live the King's Cup Air Race. But only on the condition that there is an immediate effort, now, while our Baginton experiences are fresh in mind, to re-furbish the formula. It was a pleasure to everybody to see Mr. H. Wood (yes, I regret to report that he is known

worst item in the programme. The racing committee ought to begin to think of a new formula which will take us away from the dreary contest, *not* between the contestants, but between the contestants and the handicappers. We also want something that will give more encouragement to those who build and enter new aircraft.

Look at the fifteen starters this year: they were all old machines. Look at the winner's speed. It was slower than the winner's speed in 1931; 100 miles an hour slower than the winners' speeds in the two years before the war. None of the aircraft in the race could compare in speed with the sports motor-cars that race at Le Mans. Those cars repeatedly reach 160 miles an hour during a run of over 2,000 miles. The King's Cup Air Race course was over 68 miles and only Summers' Gemini attained sports-car speeds.

But for the rest of the programme there can be nothing but praise. Mr. G. E. Long's balloon ascent was a delight to watch. He is the sole remaining holder of a free-balloon pilot's certificate in the British Empire. The quiet sailing of the balloon against blue sky and cumulus cloud was a contrast to the crash of the Sabre's jet engine as F/Lt. Kelly made a fast run past the enclosures shortly after he had sounded two loud sonic bangs on the aerodrome. And

one's private thoughts were whether the great strides of aviation from the days of free ballooning to the days of supersonic jet aircraft were wholly beneficial!

Those thoughts were reinforced by the gentle ambling of the old aircraft of the Shuttleworth collection, so beautifully kept and cared for by Mr. Jackson. The 1909 Blériot, the 1911 Deperdussin and the 1912 Blackburn were the favourites of the spectators. I examined these machines more closely than I have done at previous meetings; and I could not help noting that the quality of the workmanship was superior in those days, when there were no official controls and no Air Registration Board, to what it is now. The truth seems to be that you cannot achieve craftsmanship by order.

Now for a suggestion. I repeat that the Royal Aero Club and especially its Secretary-General, Col. Preston, succeeded this year in providing a really first-class air meeting. But there is one thing which is neglected at all our meetings in this country and that is aerobatics. I mean by this the true art of aerobatics, a most complicated and formal art.

On the Continent they hold aerobatic competitions for determining the aerobatic champions of the different countries and there is finally a competition for determining the aerobatics champion of the world. Do not imagine that these contests can be won by throwing the aeroplane about. There is a set of compulsory figures and there is a period of time—usually eight minutes—for free figures. The most complicated aerobatics are seen. There is the interlocking of five loops, inside and outside, the "spectacles" or Savoy knot, the inverted stall, inverted spin, falling leaf, and many other manœuvres never seen nowadays in this country. The last pilot we had who could do these things was George Stainforth.

It is true that one requires a special kind of machine for these aerobatics. It must be small, have reasonably light wing loading and have a good power-to-weight ratio, with a fuel system which permits the engine to run when inverted. But many ordinary light aeroplanes can be converted at small cost. On the Continent the favourite machine is the little Stampe, which has a Renault engine with inverted fuel system. I have proposed to the Royal Aero Club that an aerobatic competition be held in this country next year and I greatly hope that they will act upon the suggestion.



Sir Frederick Handley Page talking to Mr. A. Lennox Boyd, Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, at London Airport, where they attended the unveiling of the Alcock and Brown memorial





*The Duke of Beaufort, M.F.H., and Sir Peter Farquhar, Bt., Joint-Master of the Portman, judging hounds, which were under the control of the kennel huntsman, Tom Tilser. Spy Park made an ideal setting for the show, and spectators representing most of the neighbouring hunts were present*

## AVON VALE'S PUPPIES ON VIEW IN SUMMER

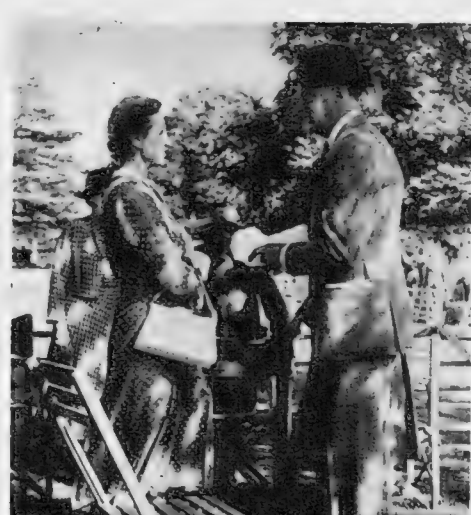
FOR the twelfth successive season, the Avon Vale Hunt were fortunate in having fine weather for their puppy show, held at the kennels at Spy Park, near Chippenham, Wilts. After the judging, guests were entertained by Capt. Frank Spicer, D.S.O., Joint-Master and huntsman, and Lady Avice Spicer



*Mrs. Charles Floyd and Miss Margaret Keen found this open-air occasion a very pleasant one*



*The Master of the Mendip Farmers, Mr. B. O. Allen, discussing the afternoon with Major C. Hilton-Green*



*Capt. Spicer was about to escort one of his guests, Lady Fuller, to the tea tent when the judging was over*

Morris



BERYL GREY, the Sadler's Wells ballerina, with her Swedish husband, Dr. Sven Svenson, in their Mayfair flat with their baby son, recently christened Ingvar Neil. Miss Grey hopes to dance again in the autumn, and will appear in *Swan Lake* at Covent Garden

## Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

# The Cheetah on The Hearth

**A**N eagle as a third on a honeymoon makes an appropriate opening to *MARRIED TO ADVENTURE*, by Jule Mannix (Hamish Hamilton; 16s.). When one adds that the bridegroom was a sword-swallower, with a sideline in fire-eating, one may guess that young Mr. and Mrs. Mannix had more than the ordinary matrimonial prospects.

They did not by birth belong to the spangled and special world of the "show people" of fair-ground and circus—both, on the contrary, came from Philadelphia; which (with perhaps the rivalry of Boston) is America's most orthodox, most correctly social, and possibly even most snobbish city. There had been doubts, when the young lady who was to become Mrs. Mannix first grew up, of the propriety of her going even as far as New York. The advisability of her marrying a sword-swallower seemed still more dubious, even though Dan Mannix was an admiral's son.

The girl's hesitation was for another reason: much did she wish to go on the stage, and she had been brought up to regard marriage as incompatible with a career. This proved to be very much not the case—indeed, as her book's title so well indicates, she married adventure. The American stage, it is true, lost what might

have been an ornament (you will like every single picture of Mrs. Mannix), but *her* life lacked nothing one could desire. Plucking vampire bats from the walls of Mexican caves, then feeding these delicate eaters with fresh blood out of syringes was, if not the high point, a fair example of experiences that (possibly) one would rather read about than share. The off-hand handling of deadly snakes may also come into this category. As compared to that, the eagle was sheer fun—that is, once you learned how to live with it.

**M**RS. MANNIX embarked upon her married life, as it was to be, with three major qualifications: she was a good horse-woman, had a serene temperament, and was to prove an adaptable housekeeper. The keeping of a cheetah in the bedroom was arranged without difficulty, for this was in her affectionate mother's Philadelphia home; but the maintenance of a she-eagle with a 6-ft. wing-span in a series of hotel bathrooms required tact. "Our eagle," to be christened *Aguila*—how did she come to enter the Mannix story, the greater portion of which she dominates? Soon after their wedding, the young couple set themselves to think constructively about their future: the idea of going iguana hunting in Mexico, using an eagle for this purpose, was Dan's, and

was acted upon. A film was to be made, a lecture to be prepared and later toured with; and the iguanas (captured alive, of course) eventually were to be sold to zoos.

While in Mexico—Taxaco was the headquarters—Mr. and Mrs. Mannix acquired, also, two coatis. The coatis accompanied their owners on the subsequent lecture tour, and almost, though not quite, stole the show. Insatiable and raving animal-lovers thickened along the Mannix tracks—and will, no doubt, no less fasten upon this book. *Married to Adventure* is, among other things, an exposition of the technique of showmanship—for, much as these two loved adventure for its own sake, they had also to make it their living; which meant, to "sell" whatever they did. Magazine editors and lecture-agents, not to speak of the tastes of the continent-wide public those represented, had to be kept in play. One likes Mrs. Mannix no less for her candid realism.

**T**HEIR camera-technique improved steadily; they obtained a close-up of a manta ray; and their fishing with "patos" was no less dramatically recorded. Big-game photography in Kenya, where the two were in company with Mr. John A. Hunter, is the experience culminating the book.

*Married to Adventure* is a high-spirited chronicle—these two liked what they did, liked every place they were in (other than Capri), and, happily, far more than liked each other: they still do. Snake-loving Grace Wiley's death is the tale's sole tragedy—though narrowly did there escape being another: Mrs. Mannix all but widowed herself (and all but, incidentally, burned down Alexandra Palace) owing to a mishap with the petrol with which she fed her husband during his televising of a fire-eating act for the B.B.C.

They have two children: the elder, a little blonde girl, also now televises extremely ably. Mrs. Mannix has taken maternity in her charming stride—babies are easier in hand than either coatis or vampire bats. The name of her husband, Dan Mannix, should ring a bell: he was the author of that book which impacted on Britain as on the world—*Memoirs of a Sword-Swallower*—which, not least among the extraordinary documents of our age, had a high-brow no less than a popular success. His wife's contribution strikes the feminine note, but should command, I feel, an extensive public.

**B**ITAIN appeared to lose one of her most brilliantly-serious, seriously-brilliant novelists when Christopher Isherwood settled in California. In fact, the loss of the author of *Prater Violets*, *Goodbye to Berlin*, *Mr. Norris Changes Trains*, *The Memorial* and *All the Conspirators* has been geographic and no more. That Mr. Isherwood remains an Englishman—one of the driest yet most feeling, subtlest yet most straightforward of Englishmen—has been demonstrated by every line he has written since his nominal departure from our shores. His latest and long-awaited novel, *THE WORLD IN THE EVENING* (Methuen; 12s. 6d.), could not, I think, be a clearer example of his adherence to the values of the Old World.

This may need pointing out, for *The World in the Evening* is, in its framework, in the nature of the crisis with which it deals, and occasionally also in its language, an American novel. To say that "to all intents and purposes" it is an American novel would be untrue—the viewpoint is European. (That we British are Europeans, too, Mr. Isherwood seldom fails to remind us.) The "I," and unhappy hero, of *The World in the Evening* is a wealthy Anglo-American playboy, one Stephen Monk—playboy, one might say, against his will. At thirty-six, when the story starts, he has still failed to grow up; and he knows it. What is the matter with his life?



[Continued on page 46]



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# Swim Suit



## Fashion Choice

THIS week we have found an excellent nylon-batiste swim suit made by a firm of corsetières who have put into it all the experience of figure flattery that they have gained in making foundation garments. This swim suit, called Gildetto, is exclusive to Marshall & Snelgrove's London and County shops and comes in a range of colours, we think shrimp pink is the most exciting

VERY plain, with a beautifully boned and gathered bust, it is edged at the top with a narrow band of white ric-rac braid. With good swim suits at the price they are, we consider Gildetto at 79s. 6d. is extremely good value

—MARIEL DEANS

A white towelling jacket with a drawn-in waist and huge patch pockets to wear over your swim suit. It also comes from Marshall & Snelgrove's London and County shops, and costs 79s. 6d. Their natural coloured straw sun hat (above) is priced at 35s.

# DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

Household has been recently disorganized again due to unexpected legacy, in the shape of aged great-aunt's doll's house. Note in great-aunt's will states that I expressed admiration for this in extreme youth. Recall the occasion, when at the age of nine and thinking exclusively in terms of Red Indians, airguns and Percy F. Westerman, was immured with doll's house as suitable amusement for visiting female child, and expressed polite though far from sincere gratitude. Know that curses come home to roost, but think it unfair that diplomatic lies should ditto.

**D**OLL's house arrives—carriage forward, at that—by carrier, and man in charge says he cannot carry it upstairs to L.'s room or attic as it is solid heavy wood and, there being only one of him and not so young as he was, he will probably strain something. Assist man to carry doll's house (must admit it seems to be solid teak) into dining-room as being most appropriate ground-floor headquarters.

Tear off cardboard, shavings, scaffolding, etc., to reveal wooden villa in Victorian Gothic with peeling paint somehow giving impression of being surrounded by acres of dripping shrubbery. Remove contents and



out-of-date newspapers, and refresh memory as to shape of doll's house. It has basement kitchen, two living-rooms, two bedrooms and poky attic, the whole papered sombrely but richly in dark green and crimson. There is no means of getting from room to room or floor to floor except by swinging on ropes out of windows—which, as inhabitants are all clad in thick, long skirts, mob caps and bustles, seems unlikely.

Remember that this was my chief objection to doll's house at age of nine, anyway, but after reading all newspaper which is legible, concentrate on setting up fragmentary contents such as dolls in bustles, joints on dishes surrounded by realistic pools of blood, aspidistra in pot, hip bath, kitchen stove and so on.

**B**y this time L. has come home from school, surveys doll's house with academic interest, says it would be all right if people could get *into* it, and asks how do the dolls get upstairs, anyway? Am relieved to see this problem worries her generation, too, and ask if she'd like the thing in her room to play with. She says it would take too much room and

[Continued overleaf]



Simpson's of Piccadilly have this very charming beach outfit. It is made of turquoise blue towelling with a wide band of white on the sleeves. The calf-length jeans are laced at the side with white cord



# Beachwear Notions

EVERY year we feel that swim suits and beachwear generally get nicer and nicer, and we think that the clothes shown here are some of the prettiest of this season's models. Whilst, for the majority of figures, a one-piece swim suit is kinder than a two-piece, one must think of where, as well as on whom, it will be worn. In the South of France and Italy the Bikini reigns unchallenged—only in Spain should one be more covered up. The clever matching skirts that are so popular this season provide a simple solution to the shopping-and-then-on-the-beach problem. Only the very young or very anti-social visit the town in shorts

—MARIEL DEANS



These shorts and suntop of pink and white striped denim come from Liberty's of Regent Street, who also sell the huge pink and white straw sun hat

# CONTINUING— DIARY OF A LADY....

doll's houses are either for babies or grown-ups.

B., on return, comments that it's probably all right for girls, but he thinks he could make a much better one at school with a staircase in it—what, he demands, would happen to the inhabitants if there was a fire?

**A**M gloomily deciding that the best thing to do with doll's house is to pack it away in attic and try to remember to pass it on to hypothetical grandchildren when they are too young to object, when Elaine drops in to borrow teaspoon of basil for tomato sauce.

She screams ecstatically at sight of doll's house—didn't I know they are madly exciting? Everybody has them nowadays. Retort gloomily that I have never known any child, past or contemporary, who liked doll's houses. Not *children*, she shrieks—*adults*! She sits ecstatically on floor before open doll's house—I could paper this room, embroider a new carpet for that one, throw an archway between the two ground-floor rooms, lengthen the whole thing with a gilt mirror at the end! Anyway, why don't I come with her to doll's house exhibition in London the next day, and



get some ideas? She departs without basil, leaving me agog with possibilities.

By this time am beginning to realize potentialities—doll's house mania will satisfy cheaply feminine need for expensive interior decoration, also cope with urge to shift furniture into unsuitable positions which has been sad grief to husband for years.

**N**EXT day, at exhibition, passion grows at sight of replicas of buildings not all larger or better than mine, running into fifty and sixty guineas. Demand expert opinion on lack of staircase in all but strictly modern models—expert opinion says staircase makes house too dark, while Elaine insists that doll's houses are dream world anyway and if I can dream about dolls cooking gory joints on black kitchen ranges, I can dream them whizzing through walls and ceilings as well. Cannot make my imagination work this way at all, but am increasingly fascinated and decide that creative instincts will be best served by having several houses designed and decorated in different periods.

Bring up subject to husband in evening—his unfeeling comment is that he wishes he had some of the miniature furniture blown up for normal use and that no doubt I will now collect a couple of dozen oddly shaped miniature jars and vases for conversion into miniature table lamps. He also wants to know if doll's house is really going to stay in dining-room, and where do I think I am going to keep collection, anyway? Retort with lightning repartee that he can build me a shed in the garden, and retire with dignity to cut up old dress for making new curtains for doll's house bathroom.

— Diana Gillon





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## News Notebook

IN TOWN  
TODAY

ONE of my most joyous memories is that of visits, when I was very young, to the house of my Scottish grandmother, where were to be found a number of exciting things not usually seen in English households. Edinburgh rock, cinnamon balls, pan drops, shortbread, bagpipes (played by my grandfather), tartan shawls, sporrans, etc. Best of all was a griddle on which my grandmother would bake Scotch scones and drop scones that, golden brown, melted in the mouth.

But to make these particular delicacies, you *must* have a griddle, and for a very long time these things have been extremely hard to find and even when found they were very heavy and unwieldy.

Now at last comes a new kind of griddle, light and easy to manoeuvre, with a heat-resisting Bakelite handle. This can be used for all grilling foods, as well as for scones and pancakes (drop scones) and for those who like the good old-fashioned Scottish tea, it is a boon. Just for good measure here is a recipe, straight from my grandmother's own book:

9 oz. flour,  
1 oz. sugar,  
1 teaspoon cream of tartar,  
¼ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda,  
½ teaspoon salt,  
1 egg,  
½ pint of milk.

Pass the flour, salt, cream of tartar and bicarb. through a sieve, then add the sugar. Make a hole in the centre, and break an egg into this. Add the milk gradually, until you get a smooth, creamy paste. Drop this from a tablespoon, in small daubs, on to a well-greased griddle. When these begin to rise and bubble, turn them on to the other side and cook until a golden brown. The griddle, by the way, costs 20s. 3d., and can be had from most good stores and ironmongers.

★ ★ ★

SINCE we are talking of teas: while it is a good idea to put cakes away in a tin to prevent them from getting stale, getting a large cake out again is another matter. Unless you are very careful, it breaks and comes out in pieces. I was delighted, therefore, to find a completely new kind of tin with a base—red or blue—on which the cake sits under a large white domelike cover. The raised edge of the base keeps the whole thing air-tight, and you can have your cake and eat it just by lifting off the cover. I found this at Harrods.

★ ★ ★

TELEVISION hospitality for friends who come in for an evening's entertainment, not to mention some refreshments while they are there, can be greatly simplified with the new Italian TV sets—cup on plate-cum-saucer—in subtle colours and modernistic designs of fruit and leaves. Most attractive, and very easy to hand round, 13s. 9d. each. Seen at Harrods.

J. C.

Very nautical is this original beach canvas bag, in bright coloured stripes, trimmed with white cord, price £3 3s. The sunshade is in stripes to match, price £4 4s. From Harrods

Dennis Smith



Jean Cleland  
writes

# The Sun Need Not Be Your Undoing

"Any place where there is sun." That is the answer most of us feel like giving when asked, "Where are you going for a holiday?"

**A**SHELTERED beach, with hot sand sifting softly between the toes, and warm beneath the back. Sky and sea so blue, that one seems to merge into the other, and over it all a shimmering haze that gives the whole scene a dreamlike quality.

Having arrived at such a halcyon spot, what a temptation to throw off all but the minimum of clothing, lie flat out in the drenching sun, and soak it in, regardless. Ah! well, there is no need to dwell on the consequences that follow haphazard indulgence such as this. They follow with a fiery fury, that leaves one sadly, like the raven, quothung "Never more."

Quite a lot has been written about the various preparations that act as a guard against the rays of the sun, yet, even now, there seems to be a

certain confusion in some people's minds as to the difference between an ordinary *foundation* cream and a *protective* cream. This is simple. The former is designed to hold the powder and give a smooth finish to the skin. The latter goes much further.

**P**ROTECTIVE creams are, in actual fact, deflectants that act as a filter, allowing the harmless rays to penetrate and *deflecting* those that are injurious. In these days, it is possible to get preparations of this kind in a number of different forms, according to individual taste and what suits you best.

You can have creams, oils, lotions, which are non-sticky, quick vanishing or creamy. Some keep the skin its natural colour and are ideal for

those who dislike getting brown at all; others encourage a natural tan. Others again give an artificial tan, which can be put on or taken off at will.

Such a variety leads to confusion unless you have some idea what to look for, so, for those who are uncertain, here is a guide: *To speed up the tanning process, and ban the burn*, there is Innoxia Tan. This is waterproof, and besides guarding the skin makes a lovely smooth base for the powder and will keep the make-up intact on the beach throughout the day, in and out of the water.

For those who like *only a very light golden tan*, I would recommend Elizabeth Arden's Sunpruf Cream. This is a cool, invisible powder base and a sun filter. It should be used before going out into the sun, repeated immediately the skin begins to feel warm, and always directly after bathing. If you are one of the "shiny-look brigade"—which can be becomingly healthy, especially for the young—you can get this effect with Elizabeth Arden's Sun Gelee. It is specially recommended for those who like to look deeply bronzed.

For a *dry skin*, the ideal preparation is Charles of the Ritz Sun Bronze, which contains Revenescence. Just a few drops of this rubbed into a creamy substance between the palms of the hands, and then applied to the face, acts as a screen and prevents any skin drying. It can be used, too, for the neck and arms, and rubs right in, leaving no greasy surface. With a deeper shade of face powder, Sun Bronze gives a naturally bronzed appearance.

★ ★ ★

**T**HE people who go for a holiday and prefer to avoid getting any more brown than they can possibly help, are in the minority. If, however, they go bathing in the sun, I recommend Protecta Cream Lotion (made by Elizabeth Arden) with ingredients that veil the skin from the direct rays of the sun and guard it against sunburn and freckles.

For the body, oils are usually the best choice—easy and quick to apply; or there are lotions—equally good—for those who dislike the feeling of anything greasy. Good oils for sunbathing purposes—to mention two—can be had from Elizabeth Arden, who makes a Sun Tan Oil, and from Dorothy Gray, Beach Oil. Two excellent non-sticky preparations are Quick Tan made by Damaskin and Sun Tonic by Helena Rubinstein.

★ ★ ★

**L**ASTLY, if you want to go without stockings and have your legs looking a lovely natural brown, you should get Guerlain's Teint Doré (Golden Tan). This is a lotion, very easy to put on, and most effective.







A dressing gown in nylon and cotton which makes an ideal travelling companion (especially by air) as it turns the scales at a mere six ounces! In lovely colours...lupin blue, shell pink, azure, rose du Barry, cedar, amber.

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Blue Grass Flower Mist 12/9, 21/-,  
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Puff-Puff Dusting Powder 6/9

### Blue Grass Sequence

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Blue Grass Perfumair 18/6

Blue Grass Solid Cologne 6/9

Blue Grass Dusting Powder  
7/6, 12/9, 14/3

Blue Grass Bath Oil 15/9

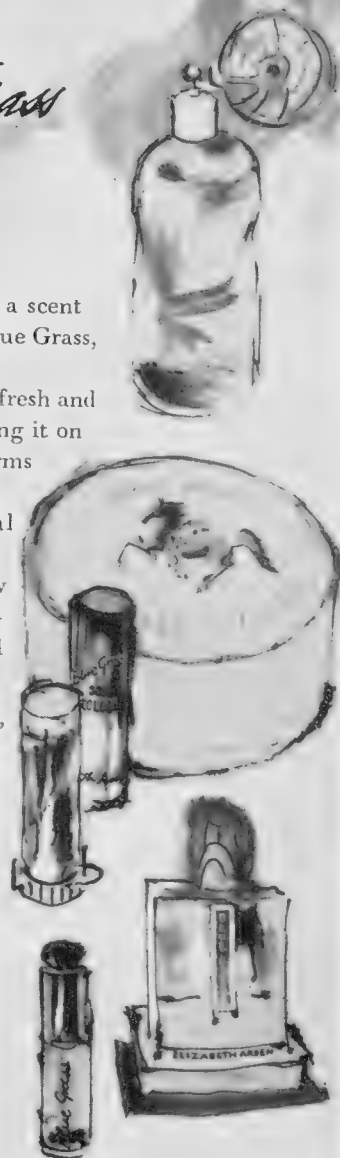
Blue Grass Bath Soap 11/3

Blue Grass Hand Soap 8/3

Blue Grass Bath Mit 11/9

Blue Grass Velve Shampoo 4/-

Blue Grass Deodorant, cream  
or liquid in spray bottle 6/9



*Elizabeth Arden*  
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## ENGAGEMENTS



Pearl Freeman

**Lady Anne-Louise Keppel**, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Albemarle, is to be married to Capt. Hew Fleetwood Hamilton-Dalrymple, Grenadier Guards, son of Sir H. Hamilton-Dalrymple, Bt., and Lady Hamilton-Dalrymple, of North Berwick



Lenare

**Miss Susan Mary Orr Thomson**, daughter of the late Capt. J. G. O. Thomson, and of Mrs. Thomson, of Belford Terrace, Edinburgh, has announced her engagement to Mr. Alexander M. M. Stephen, son of Sir Murray and Lady Stephen, of East Kilbride, Lanarkshire



Fayer

**Miss Gillian Evelyn Stockwell**, daughter of Col. and Mrs. G. C. Stockwell, of Northington, Alresford, Hants, is engaged to Mr. Richard Christopher Leventhorpe, son of Col. G. S. Leventhorpe, D.S.O., and Mrs. Leventhorpe, of Gastons, near Alresford



### LLOYD-PHILIPPS—MATHIAS

Major John A. B. Lloyd-Philipps, Welsh Guards, son of the late Col. Lloyd-Philipps, and of Mrs. Lloyd-Philipps, of Dale Castle, Haverfordwest, married Miss Leslie C. W. Mathias, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. A. S. Mathias, of Letterston, Pembroke, at the Church of St. David and St. Patrick, Haverfordwest



Victor Yorke

### HANNINGTON—HEWITT

At the Evangelical Church, New Milton, Mr. Geoffrey Hannington, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Hannington, of "Cadgwith," Barton-on-Sea, Hants, married Miss Mary Hewitt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. de Dreux Couts, of "Lee Holme," New Milton, Hants

## THEY WERE MARRIED The TATLER'S Review



### ALLEN—DUCKHAM

At St. Mary's Church, Stanstead, Kent, Mr. William Allen, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Allen, of The Little House, Stone Street, nr. Sevenoaks, married Miss Jill Diana Duckham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Duckham, of Wilfred Street, S.W.1, and Goodman's Farm, Stanstead



### BIBBY—GRENVILLE

Mr. Derek G. Bibby, son of Major and Mrs. K. B. Bibby, of Edgemoor, Belmont, Surrey, married Miss Jeanette Grenville, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. A. W. Grenville, and of Mrs. D. Perry, of Wellington, New Zealand, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks



### LOMAX—BOWMAN

At St. Mark's Church, Sydney, Mr. James H. Lomax, son of the late Mr. W. Lomax, and of Mrs. Lomax, of Queens Road, Richmond, Surrey, married Miss Eileen Bowman, daughter of the late Mr. A. Bowman, and of Mrs. Bowman, of Singleton, New South Wales



### FARRELL—SCOTT

Mr. John David Farrell, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Farrell, of Purley, and Miss Sybil Kathleen Scott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald A. Scott, of Bank House, Brighton Road, Coulsdon, Surrey, were married at St. Mark's Church, Woodcote, Surrey



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## fickle fame . . .

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The new 'Le Chateaubriand' Restaurant at the May Fair pays tribute to this famous gourmet. Here, under the supervision of the distinguished Maître d'hôtel Guido and the creative genius of Maître Chef Calderoni, expert chefs employ all their culinary arts to bring you exquisite dishes, prepared and served in the finest manner. And what better apéritif to a perfect meal in delightful surroundings than cocktails in the new May Fair Bar?

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## Book Reviews [Continuing from page 32]

# ISHERWOOD'S ENIGMA

Only America, possibly, could have sheltered this uneasy, long-drawn-out adolescence. Yet the core of the trouble lay in England, where Stephen had met and married his first wife, the novelist Elizabeth Rydal. That marriage had ended six years ago. The collapse of his second marriage, to the handsome, ruthless young American Jane (brought about by an ugly incident at a Hollywood party) sends Stephen in flight to the home of his foster-mother, an idealistic Philadelphia Quaker. While he is there—though actually, when he is on the point of again leaving, tormented by the family atmosphere—Stephen is knocked down by a lorry. Six weeks' immobilization in a plaster cast force him to consider his former life. Re-reading Elizabeth Rydal's letters, he finds himself re-living his years with her.

ELIZABETH, we learn, had been a prominent literary figure of the England of the twenties and thirties. She combined a delicate art with a will of steel. What does Mr. Isherwood mean us to think of her?—to my mind, she is the enigma of this novel. As she shows herself (in her letters) or is shown to us within Stephen's vivid memories, it is hard not to see her as over-intense, tedious and sometimes trite. She would appear to have ruined Stephen by dragging him round in the rôle of a woman celebrity's young husband with nothing particular of his own to do. Yet we are given to understand that retrospectively (that is, after her death) Elizabeth acts as a saving influence.

She has left the unfortunate Stephen, at any rate, with a cracking sense of guilt with regard to her—he had twice, understandably, been unfaithful. Finally, aided by Pearl Harbour, he at last faces reality.

*The World In The Evening* has implications which the reader should follow up for himself. Like all else from Mr. Isherwood's pen, this book is penetrating and haunting.

## GRAMOPHONE NOTES

DEBRETT and "near" Debrett has provided the ordinary layman with a considerable insight into the entertainment business of late, even if it has been strictly on an amateur basis.

Recently the first recordings by Lord Adrian Foley have been released. He is a composer and pianist who may one day emerge as an international name. He is also a musician, by which I infer that he can read music, which many composers and pianists in the world of light music are quite unable to do.

He does not, however, regale us with his own compositions, which I think is a pity. Instead he plays Mr. Cole Porter's "Easy To Love," and "I Could Write A Book" by Messrs. Rodgers and Hart, with an accurate ease which will no doubt have its rightful appeal. He is backed by an orchestra and the result is ever so neat and tidy. I hope that when his name appears in the supplements again he will have thought fit to "dirty-up" his interpretations more than a little if only to provide warmth and colour to his otherwise svelte performance. (Parlophone R.3865.)

Robert Tredinnick

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DULWICH COLLEGE 1ST XI (1953). Standing: J. Mankey, R. G. Bury, R. A. Hunt, N. C. Tinworth, M. B. Rose, R. J. Cockerill. Seated: J. Abbott, G. W. Cook (Hon. Sec.), C. B. Howland (Capt.) P. T. R. Brown, M. A. Shirley

S. S. Walbridge

## OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By S. A. PATMAN

# Dulwich And Its Cornflowers

A FEW miles distant from the City, through the overcrowded neighbouring districts, one emerges into the tranquillity of Dulwich in its sylvan beauty and here in 1619 the College of God's Gift, as it was then called, was founded by Edward Alleyn, the famous Elizabethan actor-manager and contemporary of Shakespeare.

Like many other foundations of the period the College was to be a combination of school and almshouse, and Alleyn gave detailed directions in the statutes for the conduct of the establishment. One curious provision made was that the master was always to bear his name, and if possible, to be of his family, which custom was maintained for nearly two centuries and a half.

In 1686, another actor, William Cartwright, bequeathed his library and portraits to the College, and thus began the fine collection of pictures further enriched by other benefactors. In 1814 the Dulwich Gallery was erected from designs by Sir John Soane to house these and other old pictures belonging to the foundation; the first of its kind in England, anticipating the National Gallery by about twenty years.

THE College developed but little during the 200 years following Alleyn's death, but as the years went on the value of the Alleyn estate increased and multiplied. Various causes suggested departure from the original conditions laid down by the founder and in 1857 an Act of Parliament was passed reorganizing the whole foundation. Drastic alterations and improvements took place; the old school building became an almshouse, and two entirely new buildings were constructed.

The Upper School, the Dulwich College of today, is a fine suite of buildings of North Italian Renaissance style. It was opened in 1870 and stands a little to the south of the ancient foundation. The Lower School became a separate institution under the title of Alleyn's School, and both fulfil their different functions with success. Founder's Day is held annually on the Saturday nearest to June 21,

the day when the Charter of Alleyn's College passed the Great Seal. On this day all past and present members of the foundation wear the favourite flower of the Founder—the cornflower—wreaths of which are laid on his tomb in the Chapel, and on the War Memorial.

MANY famous names are to be found in the cricket score-books of the College. The older generation of cricketers will recall the meteoric career of Nevill Knox, one of the finest fast bowlers in England in the early years of the century. Two other fast bowlers have played a conspicuous part in Test cricket. A. E. R. Gilligan, that genial personality, led England in the early twenties, and Trevor Bailey has been an automatic choice in recent years, his all-round skill having largely helped in the recovery of the Ashes last season.

The list of notable Dulwich cricketers is far too long to be treated as it deserves to be but a brief selection must include J. H. Lockton, R. K. Nunes, the gifted left-hander from Jamaica, the brothers Gilligan, D. R. Wilcox, the fast-scoring Hugh Bartlett, S. C. Griffith, an outstanding wicketkeeper, A. C. Shirreff and A. W. H. Mallett. In earlier generations there were the Rev. F. H. Gillingham, the brothers A. P., R. N. and James Douglas, and C. M. Wells, who also played for England at Rugby Football.

LAST year the School XV's performance in winning all its school matches recalled a similar feat by the 1909 team, which contained five boys who afterwards gained international caps and which is said to have been one of the finest sides ever produced by any school. All five: J. E. Greenwood, C. N. Lowe, W. D. Doherty, D. G. Donald and E. G. Loudoun-Shand played in the Oxford v. Cambridge match of 1913 and Greenwood and Loudoun-Shand, after an interval of war service, captained Cambridge and Oxford respectively at Queens Club in 1919.

The next article in this series, due to appear on July 21, will deal with Shrewsbury School.



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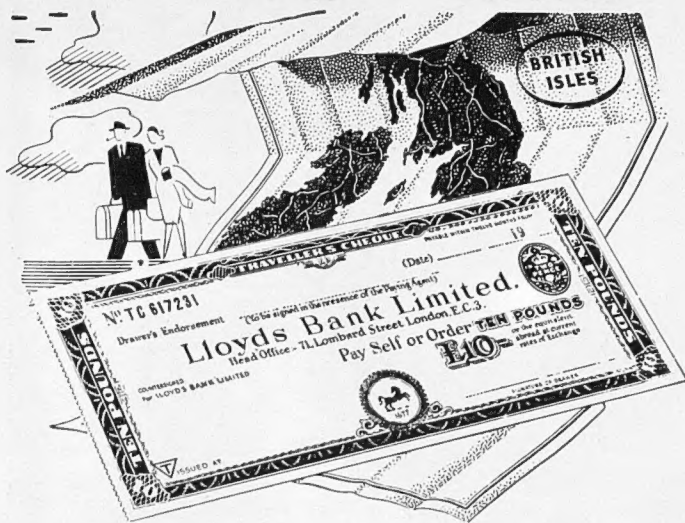
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